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The

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October 1952

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THE ARCHIVE

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FIFTY CENTS A COPY — TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

editorial

OUR COVER this month was done by Carolyn Cather, an East Campus sophomore. Carolyn first caught our attention last spring with her marvelous illustration for Sue McMullen's story, "Pity the Fishes" (page 19). Her work is characterized by an intense feeling of energy and movement that is so often lacking in college illustration. Another example of her work is seen in the illustration for the story "Man on the Hill" in this issue.

★ ★ ★

This November is the first time many of us are able to vote in a national election. We have all been told many times by our elders that we are the future leaders of the world, and we like to believe it, and we want to show it. Many will say that it isn't the place of the ARCHIVE to worry about politics. We would like to tell them that they are wrong. The two articles on Stevenson and Eisenhower are written by two "first-time" voters—two voting college students. They are, perhaps, not typical, but they are thoughtful and it is important that they be printed. And in what other Duke publication could they be properly printed?

★ ★ ★

Francis Fike, upperclassman from West Campus, makes his first appearance in this issue of the ARCHIVE. His article, "What Breezes Borne", shows an alert and intelligent ability to understand the mechanics and function of poetry. The subject of his article, by the way—*Driftwood*—was written by Thomas Burnett Swan, Duke, 1950, and recently published by the Vantage Press. Francis has also contributed one of his own poems to this issue, "Love".



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In this issue we are publishing two poems by members of the freshman class, "Soliloquy by the Sea" by Janet Weeks, and "Night Rains" by Lois Duncan Steinmetz. Lois is a fairly regular contributor to *Seventeen*, having had eight short stories published by them. She also has had poetry in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Just this month she received the first prize for her story "Return" in a *Seventeen* fiction contest. The story will appear in the January 1953 issue of *Seventeen*. We extend our congratulations to Lois.

★ ★ ★

We would also like to thank the freshmen who sent in contributions for this issue, but which don't appear. Their manuscripts will be returned to them with staff criticisms, and any member of the editorial staff will be very happy to talk over their work with them. We hope that these and other freshmen will continue to send us their work.

★ ★ ★

The Freedom Foundation is offering awards to those who have, by what they write, do or say, brought about a better understanding of freedom. The categories cover magazine articles, cartoons, college campus and community programs, editorials, essays, photos, addresses, sermons, and these break down into lesser categories. Nolan Rogers, president of MSGA, has expressed the desire for all organizations and particular individuals to participate in this contest. He feels that each organization on campus has something that would fall under one of the categories. Contributions can date back over the past year. The awards are offered in cash, honor medal awards, and certificate of merit awards. For further information on the Freedoms Foundation, contact Nolan Rogers.

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*What hills have harbored
What breezes borne
What currents cast you
On currents sea-forlorn?*

—THOMAS BURNETT SWANN

What Breezes Borne

by **FRANCIS FIKE**

IT IS ALWAYS a noteworthy event when a Duke alumnus writes a book. In a day when real poetry is scarce and true poets are rare, it is even more noteworthy when a Duke alumnus publishes a first volume of verse. Thomas Burnett Swann has done just that. *Driftwood*, which he entitled his first volume, has just been released by Vantage Press.

Thomas Burnett Swann is a Floridian by birth and now resides in Winter Haven. He received his A.B. in 1950, after having transferred to Duke from Davidson College. While a student at Duke he was a contributor to the *ARCHIVE*, and four of the poems in this book first appeared in the *ARCHIVE*. He is presently serving in the Navy as a personnel specialist. The book jacket reveals his hobbies to be "the study of ancient religions, extra-sensory perception, and the civilization of ancient Crete."

Driftwood contains forty-two lyrical poems, embracing nature, love, death, and ancient gods (especially Pan), as subject matter. From the title poem which opens the book to a poem about Pan which closes it, these themes are variously treated with much sensitivity and skill. Nature, however, is the predominant theme, and allusions to it color all the poems. The poet sees driftwood on a sand beach, and as the mystery of its presence dawns upon him, he asks,

What hills have harbored
What breezes borne,
What currents cast you
On currents sea-forlorn?

and then likens the driftwood to himself, and his own mystery of existence:

Even as I,
Shifting on the gray sands
Beneath a hollow sky

The pageant of the changing seasons and the rela-

tionship between love and nature recur many times. He records the coming of Spring and expresses the disappointment that the

. . . hasty Marches bring
Their flush to all the earth but me.

concluding that the Spring will never have "flush and fragrance" for him until love comes with it. In an excellent sonnet there is an elaboration of an idea no doubt derived from his study of ancient religions, the idea of reincarnation. He holds a hibiscus flower in his hand and imagines it to have been

. . . some barbaric flame-haired queen of old
Who ruled, reclined in regal indolence
The primal spendors of an antique land.

He ends this compact, impressive lyric with a well-chosen thought which completes and climaxes the poem:

Who knows? Perhaps those bees that wheel
above
Are men, once spurned, who seek again her
love!

He associates the inevitable transience of the seasons with the inevitable transience of life, and in a poem entitled "Prairieland," nature is seen to support and augment love in helping man to find

. . . the God philosophers have slain.

But perhaps the most significant meaning of nature to the poet is revealed in a poem which addresses Beauty, (which is understood to be the beauty of nature), beseeching it to

Close the tawdry world away,
Mask the discords of the day.

Here, then, is the creed of one who seeks relief from the "discordant, tawdry" world by losing himself in the beauty of nature.

Most of the poems which treat the theme of love deal with its ephemeral nature. By far the best poem in the collection is entitled "Because I Loved in Silence," which begins,

My lady came in April,
With June she went away.
Because I loved in silence,
She lingered just a May.

Here again nature has been used in the symbolism, adding charm and force to the poem. It expresses a universal idea—to "love in silence" is to lose love—in unforgettable imagery. The simplicity and purity of this poem offer convincing evidence of the validity of Mr. Swann's talent.

The ancient god Pan plays a major role in the symbolism of the poet, and he refers to that god in four poems. Pan is to him a symbol of imagination, the poetical insight, which man lost when the pagan gods of Greece were exposed as false. He mourns the flight of Pan and wishes

. . . that Pan would bring again
The wonderment that fled
From every earthly glade and glen
When gods of old were dead!

In another poem, the hope is expressed that Pan will return, as the poet tells us that Pan is not dead, but only sleeping. The powers and insights of imagination are not entirely lost; we just do not exercise them. This is well expressed thusly:

But only in our hearts does he lie slain.
He sleeps—and waits—beneath his leaf-warm
hill.

When we remember, he will wake again.

It is difficult to make a blanket criticism of a book of poetry, because each individual poem is a work that stands alone, and requires criticism as such. Several technical difficulties appear here and there in the poems, which no doubt will disappear as Mr. Swann continues to improve his skill and technique. In one instance there is a failure to extend the image that was begun in the first part of a poem to a logical conclusion. This difficulty occurs in only one poem, "To Chase One White December's Chill," in which two excellent stanzas are ruined and left incomplete by the introduction, in the third stanza, of an entirely

new image, almost cryptic in its meaning, leaving the reader confused and uncertain as to the poet's purpose. There is also evident throughout the book a tendency to over-use alliteration, especially in dealing with s sounds, which are very difficult to handle and produce an unpleasant effect when used improperly: setting sun of sorrow. Such clashing sibilants, occurring in a poem that is read aloud, irritate rather than please the ear. There is also, in several instances, a use of words or phrases which are too vague to have real meaning in the context of a poem, such as "wind and sudden summer-wise," or "noonlit lake's lost blue." These phrases are much too vague to use in poetry that attempts to express ideas with simplicity and clarity. There is an occasional use of words that convey little if any meaning to the reader. For instance, "mellow river." (When is a river mellow?) A flower is said to "redly flaunt"; "redly" is a poor word to have chosen as a modifier of such an expressive verb. In one poem there is the use of the word "storied," which is obviously too cliche for use in an original poem; it fails to clarify the noun which follows.

On the whole, however, these poems embody the principles which are necessary for lasting poetry. Here is a simple, clear expression of genuine feelings which the poet wants to share with others; expression in the traditional manner of rhythm and rhyme, and not in the meaningless gibberish that has characterized the work of some contemporary poets—a gibberish with neither beauty nor worth. The rhythms employed in these poems are fresh and varied: there is no mechanical monotony here. New stanza forms and metre combinations have created charming, impressive effects. Here are poems to be read aloud for their rich word music, poems to be remembered for the message they transmit, utilizing the poetical devices which long tradition has proven successful. These are poems which succeed in capturing that elusive spirit that hovers over the poetry of simplicity, clarity, music. *Driftwood* is a mine of rich, traditional poetry. It is to be hoped that Thomas Burnett Swann will continue to write in this manner, and that this first volume will not be his last.

The rains came down from the hills tonight—
The wild rains came without a sound
And woke the grass in the steaming ground,
And where they passed the streams grew wide
And tumbled from the mountain side.

A river rose out of its bed;
And where the weary fields lay dead
Young green things came alive again
And lay there, laughing, in the rain.
From silent hills the rains came down
And fell all night upon the town
Where we lay, lost in careless sleep,
While valleys filled and seas grew deep.

NIGHT RAINS

by Lois Duncan Steinmetz

SOLILOQUY BY THE SEA

by Janet Weeks

What did you leave by the seashore, Teach?
Under the sands on a little-known beach?
A few dark coins and a rusty sword,
A leather whip and a length of cord?
Where did you go when the rest of your men
Sunk to the sands not to fight back again?
Where are your riches, your loot from your quests?
On the floor of the ocean in green-brass bound chests?
Where are your women, your wines and your love
Of flying the seas with your sails spread above?
Where is the daring that made you well known?
Has all of the luster of pirate days flown?
What did you leave by the seashore, Teach?
A few pearl white bones on a coral-washed beach.

SPRING CAME early. The smells of wisteria and cut grass which pervaded everything were like remembrances of some delicious guilty secret. Sometimes when Lelia forgot about the spring for a few moments, a fresh breeze would come from the direction of the Jordans' fence and the scent of wisteria would be so sweet and heavy that she would want to lie down on the grass and sniff audibly and eat strawberry ice cream from a cone—all at the same time. But of course she couldn't do that, for the people in Elmland would not have thought it the proper decorum for the minister's young wife. Nevertheless, the smell of wisteria was probably what made her want to go on the picnic—that and the fact that she was very young. It was Saturday, though, and her husband Gil couldn't go, as he had to prepare his sermon. Anyway, he was older, and he didn't care so much about picnics and wisteria and things like that.

But neither Lelia nor her stepson was very old, so they had packed a basket of fried chicken and sandwiches and watery lemonade and headed for Mr. Lawson's vacant meadow adjoining his home on the edge of town. Mr. Lawson was a deacon in the church, and they had known he wouldn't mind. It was early April, and the sun was a sort of spring-dim over the prickly new grass of the clearing. One solitary cloud floated in the sky like a big puff of smoke, and the large red barn along with the tall pines which circled the field gave Lelia a feeling of being protected. The

WISTERIA

two had finished eating and were sprawled on the grass like two big floppy sleepy dolls—the kind that have a space inside them for little girls' pajamas.

Lelia turned over on her stomach and eyed the hundreds of ants crawling on a crumb-sprinkled piece of wax paper, as she hummed something which vaguely resembled "Onward, Christian Soldiers." All around were scattered the remains of the picnic, and every now and then a crumpled piece of wax paper skittered across the grass.

"They're like the people in Gil's church," she said. "Who are?" mumbled Matt from several feet away. "Who do you think? The ants." "How?"

"Well, you know. They're busy, kind of." She fixed a sage eye on a fat little creature carrying an enormous crumb.

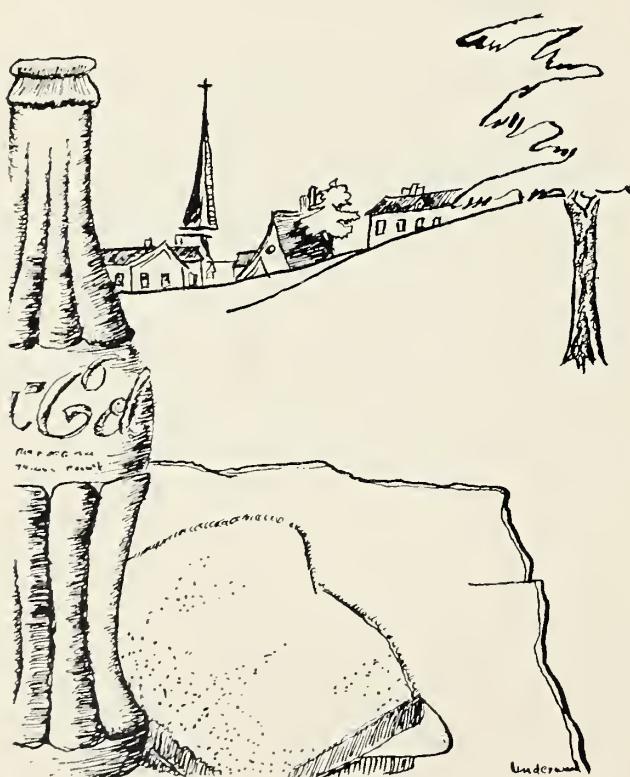
The boy flung over on his side and looked at her. "No, I don't think they are like them." He looked at her seriously, as though he were very old and wise, and she were as young as the spring itself. "Ants are harmless, Lelia," he said.

"You ought to be ashamed, Matt," she said, as one side of her mouth curved upward.

Matt grinned at her and blinked his lazy green eyes with the yellow specks in them. "Why Mother, dear," he mocked.

Lelia didn't say anything. She only sat up very straight and tried to look like her husband's old great-aunt Maria, who people said had had a frozen face. But actually she didn't look stern or old, or even her own age of twenty-three—four years older than the boy. A gust of wind had blown a flyaway curl of mahogany-colored hair across her mouth, and she smoothed the yellow cotton dress over a body which was thin and young with flat hips and small high breasts.

Matt turned over on his back again and closed his eyes. For a moment Lelia looked at him as though she were going to say something quarrelsome like, "If you won't play my way, then I'm going home." But she didn't, of course, for only children did things like that, and besides, she couldn't stay mad very long when she looked at the boy. His jaw was square and strong like a man's, but a whisper of little-boy softness



THE *BIG WHITE HOUSES*

lingered about his wide mouth. That was why she loved him, Lelia thought. He was like Gil—a man and yet a boy. And soon Gil and she would have more children, who would really belong to her, and she would love them very much, and then she would belong to the town and to the church people, and they would love her instead of saying that she was too young for Gil. It was a simple thing.

From the direction of the town came the sound of a train whistle. It was somehow like the cry of a man falling from a high place, and it reminded Lelia of when she was a little girl and she would wake up in the middle of the night when the train jerked to a stop. She would almost fall off the seat, but her mother would catch her and make soft mother-noises until she went back to sleep. It had all been her daddy's fault because he had been an army man and the family had had to move every few months. It seemed that she had always been riding somewhere on a train and it had been dark and the whistle had sounded like a man falling. Perhaps it should have been an adventure. But Lelia had wanted to live always in the same house and smell the same wisteria outside her window every spring.

No, nothing had ever stayed the same. Her childhood was a motley memory of houses with the furniture being moved out, and a Raggedy Ann doll that she had always carried with her, and her mother's whispers in the shaking, moving, jerking nights on the train.

Lelia pushed her hair out of her eyes again and stretched out on her back. The ground was rough and hard beneath her feet, and the new stubs of grass tickled her skin when she wiggled her toes. She smiled as she thought of her mother. She was a mother now, herself, to this tall, skinny boy nearly her own age. His mouth was slightly open now as he slept, and he looked very young and vulnerable. It surprised her oddly to think that his own mother had died when he was a baby. He had missed the mother-noises in the night.

Illustrated by RON UNDERWOOD

by Bettie Anne Young

But in a way she was glad. She felt a guilty deep gladness because it had been so long ago and she could know that Gil was far away in time from that first wife—that their own love was not just a small bright thing to fill up the void left by the death of Matt's mother.

She moved over a little and pillowed her head on Matt's leg. All her thoughts were mixed up in her sleepiness like all the smells in spring. She closed her eyes and let the stillness creep over her and spread through her. She and Gil together and their love for each other. He was forty. But she was twelve and sixty and any age. Time was as meaningless as a shadow on a sun dial. If he could only know how she wanted to belong to the people in the rambling white houses with the gingerbread trimmings. If they would accept her as his wife. She would be good and not shock the church people with her short dresses. She would forget somehow that it was spring and she would ignore the smell of wisteria that made her want to walk down the street whistling a tune. Because she loved the big white houses . . . and the cool dim church with Gil in the pulpit . . . and because she hated trains.

Half-asleep, Lelia sat up for a moment and gazed at Matt, who was a part of Gil and the white houses. Lightly she put her cheek against his, he was such a boy. As she lay back down and closed her eyes, she saw Mrs. Lawson going towards the barn.

Lelia awoke and the smell of wisteria had come down the road from the Jordans' fence. The one puffy cloud in the sky had become a heavy gray blanket, and the air was pregnant with approaching rain. With a feeling of heaviness she sat up and stretched her cramped back.

"Matt," she put her hand on his arm. "Matt, it's time to go home."

The boy opened his sleepy green eyes and stared blankly. Yawning, he stumbled to his feet and held

out his hand to Lelia. Lelia got up and they gathered the picnic things in their arms and started to walk home. The wind and the smell of rain brought a chill to the air that made them shiver.

"Maybe we've gotten too old for picnics," Matt said.

"But it was nice before we went to sleep and woke up cross," she said.

"Maybe I ate too much. My stomach feels funny."

"But the ants *were* like the church people," Lelia laughed.

Matt didn't say anything to that, so they swung along quietly, anxious in a way to get home to Gil and the big white comfortable house, away from the spring that had become uncertain.

Jefferson Street was long and wide with big green elm trees on each side which veiled the white frame houses of the solid citizens from outsiders who didn't live there, but merely passed along the street. Lelia remembered how afraid she had been when Gil brought her home and she had known that the people would think that she belonged outside. But Gil had taken her by the hand and led her into the cool white house as though he had built it for her. The people had come that evening and had given her a welcome party, and she had scarcely glimpsed their hurt that Gil had not taken one of their daughters for his wife. She had felt good then until she had met Mrs. Lawson.

"We're so happy to have you, my dear," the woman had cooed, her great fat face creased with a smile.

"Thank you so much," Lelia had said, taking Mrs. Lawson's hand.

"I just hope you're happy here. But like I always say—the life of a preacher's wife is hard. And doubly so, I guess, with two men in the house." She gestured towards Matt, who was standing on the other side of Gil.

"Oh no, Mrs. Lawson. That should make life doubly interesting," Lelia had said in an attempt to save Matt from feeling like the third person in a tennis game.

"Well, I'm sure you're mature for your age. You'll be all right, dear. Don't worry about it. Like I always say—life isn't any bed of roses."

Mrs. Lawson had moved away with those cheery words, and the conversation had left a sour taste in Lelia's mouth. But after the guests had left and she and Gil had gone up the long dark stairway and he had told her that this was her home now, she had been calm and she had remembered the nights at the beach where they had met and the swoosh of the waves on the sand the night Gil had told her he wanted to take her home to Elmland. She had known then that she could make herself belong. Because she

loved him and he was everything that was warm and strong and good. And he wasn't afraid.

She and Matt started up the worn flagstone path towards their house. The twilight was blue now and a cool wind was blowing from the east. The sounds of the crickets were muted, as though they too felt the chill in the air. The house loomed uncharacteristically dark, with only a small light on in the window of the study.

"I think I won't go in now, Lelia," said Matt, stopping suddenly.

Surprised, she looked at him. "Aren't you going to be here for dinner?"

"I'm not hungry. I think I'll just go over to Vick's. There's a good ball game tonight."

"Okay. I'll take the things in. I enjoyed the picnic," Lelia said, as though she wasn't sure she meant it.

"Me too. See you later. I'll check the water heater when I come in." He handed her the food hamper and started down the street.

Lelia frowned as she walked up the wide stone steps. Maybe she *was* getting too old for picnics. And now she wouldn't have time to fix Gil a warm supper.

"Darn," she said as she tripped over the rubber mat which said *Welcome* in big white letters.

She pushed open the big door and stepped into the dim, carpeted hall. It seemed cold now from the change in direction of the wind, and it smelled strongly of old rugs and damp walls.

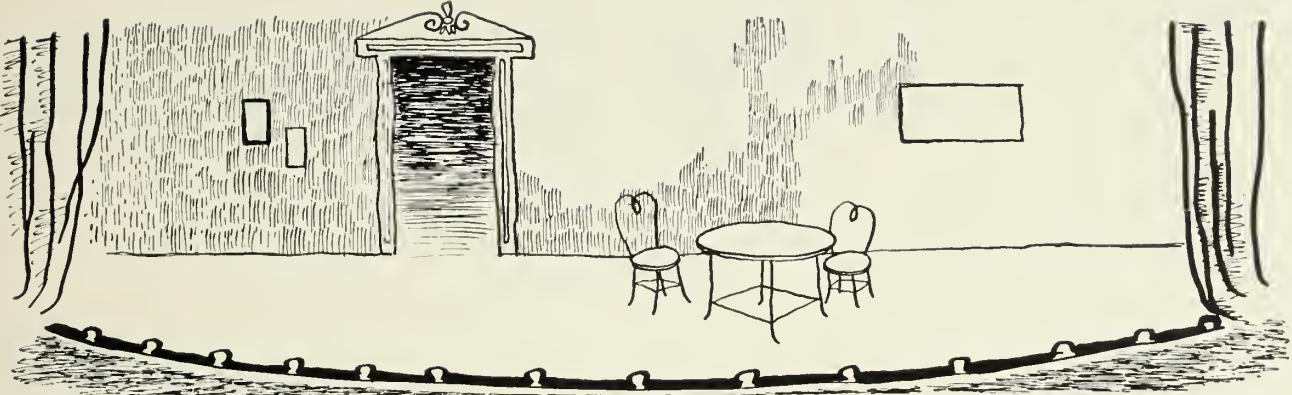
"Gil," she called.

Continued on Page 22

LOVE

Love wanes not off to nothingness when love
Is not returned, like petals of a rose
That summer's flight had spurned and sun above
Had burned. No. Rather, like the brook that flows
Cool, cavernous, and swift, the passion goes
On ringing down the valley of the heart;
A rush with winter's crystalline, cold snows,
And merry with the urgency of mart.
Each sight, each dream of wealth well plays its part,
As if a ray of sunshine on the breath
Of winter's ice, whose melted waters dart,
Heedless, even to the falls of death.
If this be but a leaf from fancy blown,
Then seeds of love in man were never sown.

—Francis Fike



D is for Drama

by Dennis Marks

*D is Drama born B.C. in some
Athenean glen
And mourned as dead and buried
every week or two since then.*

—from "Broadway Alphabet"
by Arnold Horwitt

THIS IS one of those weeks that Mr. Horwitt was talking about. Unfortunately, the mourning and wailing and gnashing of teeth seems to bear more weight this week than in others previous, leading many to believe that the funeral is not so far off.

Some of the reasons that are causing show people to speak of Drama, or the Theatre, in the past tense these days are beginning to pack some punch. It is not so much that there have been technological developments in television and movie-making, but instead, that these developments are being taken seriously as a threat to the waning existance of the legitimate stage. Take for example, the very newest movie rage and drama nemesis, Cinerama.

Cinerama, according to all critics is the most progressive step in the motion picture field since the advent

of sound. It is the successful creation and projection of the third dimension onto the screen. By successful it is meant that the audience does not have to wear any special eye glasses to view the film as has been previously done in other "three dimension"-type films. Cinerama, the product of Lowel Thomas and Meriam C. Cooper—the former one of America's better known radio commentators, and the latter a Hollywood producing great—is now being shown at a single theatre in New York City, and is extracting adjectives and superlatives from everyone who views it.

Being as non-technical as possible, Cinerama gives the third dimension effect by being shown on the largest screen ever employed for the projection of motion pictures. It is fifty-one feet wide by twenty-six feet high, spreading across the whole front of the auditorium in a full semi-circular arc. The film is projected from three different projectors, each casting its image on one-third of this giant screen and dovetailing smoothly so that the eye sees

an enormous 145 degree panoramic picture.

Cinerama also uses what is known as multiple sound, which means that the accompanying sounds of the picture—the music, natural sounds, and dialogue—are fired at the audience from outlets all around the theatre. In other words, if a singer is singing on the right side of the screen, the voice would be heard coming from that side. And in symphony orchestra, the sound of the tympanies would emanate from their proper position in the orchestra, as would the violins, wind instruments, etc. The over-all immense effect, if not third dimensional in itself, gives that same effect by placing the audience right in the middle of whatever is going on.

One of the sequences in the first Cinerama film that is now on display is one full act of a famous opera. It was photographed in its entirety with no attempt at special photographic effects. The audience views it as if they were seeing it produced on a stage; this part of Cinerama's first film is supposed to be the most effective, and this is the part that is frightening Drama into a quick coffin, for the response from the hustlers in the theatre world was instantaneous.

"No more road companies!" they shouted only last week. "Instead we can photograph, via Cinerama, a

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THE LITTLE boy sat slouched in the dirty maroon seat of the speeding train. He sat alone with a small black leather bag lying on the dirty maroon carpet beneath him. He had a round face and blonde hair that was slightly tousled. He wore a dark blue suit with a white collar that was smudged from the dirt of the seat. Carefully the little boy pointed a silver toy gun at a red hat feather that was sticking above a seat down the aisle.

"Bang!" he yelled. The feather wavered but did not fall. "Betcha Hopalong coulda done it with a mirror and shootin' over his shoulder," he said to himself.

A conductor dressed in a blue suit walked by with a ticket puncher in his hand and smiled at the little boy. The little boy smiled back at him and then pressed the trigger of his pistol.

"Bang!" he shouted. "You're a dead Indian chief, and I'm the soldier captain." . . . Wonder how many Indians Hopalong killed? he asked himself. Betcha it's a lot . . .

Some of the other riders on the train turned around to see the little boy with the silver gun. He smiled at them until he saw another small boy look around the corner of a dirty maroon seat and stick out his tongue at him. He raised the gun and pulled the trigger once, twice, three times. He pulled the trigger until he was sure that the other little boy would bother him no more. The smooth metal of the gun was soothing in his hand.

A colored man in a dirty white jacket and black pants that were smooth from wear at the knees and on the bottom came through the car saying: "Sandwiches, cold drinks. Candy bars." The little boy reached into his pocket for the two dollars that his mother had given him.

He munched contentedly on the chocolate bar and took a sip from the pale orange drink that he had bought. He burped and giggled, but

Illustrated by A. C. KING

THE SILVER PISTOL

by Lee Edwards

stopped when he saw a young man in a brown suit and a brownish tie looking at him. He smiled at the man and the young woman who was sitting next to him. The young couple came over and sat in the seat opposite to him.

"What are you doing here on this train all by yourself, young man?" asked the husband.

"I'm going to see my grandma, and mommy and daddy couldn't come because they have to earn money." He wrinkled his nose when the young woman touched the top of his head.

"Oh, Bob!" she exclaimed. "Isn't he cute? What's your name?" she asked.

"Jimmy Meadows," he answered.

For the next half hour they chatted. Jimmy would ask them something, and they would always answer him with a serious face as though they believed he could understand what they said; but of course he was just a little boy. He was so excited that he twirled the silver pistol around and around on his finger until it was a circle of spotted white. The couple admired the toy gun, and Jimmy replied that it was his favorite. But soon the train pulled into Creedmoor, and the couple had to leave. The little boy waved through the window at them.

He felt all good inside. Games and ice cream and candy and comic books and everything good was rolling around inside him. They had liked him. Words and sentences and answers and questions and serious faces and cocked heads mixed together in his mind. He wanted to

be grown-up. Places to see and things to do whirled up into a column of dust that seemed to be carrying him higher and higher. He was going to be grown-up, and then he wouldn't have to see kids. He wouldn't have to see their red tongues that looked at him or the loud shrill sounds that they threw at him, trying to hurt him and make him real sick so he wouldn't get grown-up. But he could hurt them too because he had the pistol, and he would kill all of them. They couldn't hurt him then.

Jimmy wanted to see more of the speeding train. It went so fast that outside a big barn faded in the distance in a few seconds. He pushed the heavy door that opened onto the platform between the cars and stepped across the rocking connecting floor and threw his weight against the door at the other end. It was like entering another world.

The clean dark green carpet covered the length of the long car. Softly talking people relaxed in the leather chairs and lounges that were on either side. Lamps with bright bulbs emitted light for the readers, and the pale rays shone through the glasses of amber liquid that rested on the dark tables. A colored man stood at one end of the car behind a counter and poured colored waters together in a glass and took money for them. Jimmy was attracted by the clean white jacket that he wore, and the white teeth that gleamed like the surface of a new bathtub. As he walked toward the negro, his feet sank slightly in the soft carpet, and he felt a shiver of delight go through him at such richness.

"Well, suh," said the bartender, "What can I fix you? How about a nice cold drink of lemonade? With lots of sugar," he added invitingly.

"Okay," the boy agreed readily. "But I can't pay you as much as those other people did for their lemonade."

A little confused, the black boy answered, "That's all right 'cause we only charge young men half price."

The little boy sat in a soft chair and put the sweating glass on the stand beside him. He gazed about him at the grown-ups. Calm, self-assured, they sat and talked. "I believe that we should get out of Korea before it's too late." Jimmy admired them because they knew how to live and where to get rich things. "Automobile prices are going up, sure. But I know where I can get a Buick for almost nothing. I did something once for a dealer and he . . ." "I'm telling you, Joe, she had the cutest pair you've ever seen!" He was so anxious to grow up and become one of them. He was tired of being told that he would

have to wait until he was older. He took a sip from the glass and then blew through the straw into the drink. He watched the bubbles rise to the top.

Some bright-colored magazines lay on a table near by, and Jimmy opened one to the middle. He grew tired of looking at the pages, and then he thought of something. He beat his fist against the seat of the chair. Nothing happened. A frown creased his face, and he began to hit the chair as hard as he could. Some dust rose weakly into the air, and he grunted in satisfaction. He jumped down from the chair and walked toward a sign that read, "Dining Car." As he passed through the long corridor to the dining car, he drummed his fingers against the metal sides. . . . Wonder how fast Hopalong's horse can go? he thought to himself . . .

The host at the entrance of the dining car smiled at Jimmy and led him to a table where three soldiers sat. The little boy smiled back at the host and then took a deep breath

when he saw he was sitting next to some real soldiers. He had never been close to any before, and he was so excited that he forgot to look at the menu.

"Do you carry a gun all the time?" Jimmy asked the soldier beside him. "Have you ever run out of bullets when they were charging at you?" His eyes began to glisten, and he squirmed in his seat. Jimmy talked so fast that his words ran together. But the soldiers didn't laugh because they knew how a boy hates to be laughed at.

"Have you really seen some of the bad ones and shot at them?" the boy asked. "Weren't you scared? How many of them were there? I bet you're brave and shot a lot of them."

The young soldiers answered Jimmy's questions, and finally Jimmy remembered that he was hungry. Between bites of his food he continued his barrage of questions. A curly-haired soldier made a joke about a former sergeant, and everyone laughed together, Jimmy's giggle rising higher than the others' low chuckles. The boy felt that he too was a soldier, and a warm glow went through him. He kept smiling and laughing until his mouth hurt. But the hurt was good. He wanted to show his new friends that he too could shoot someone if he bothered him. The silver pistol was not really real, but they would understand if he showed them how it worked. He felt at his belt for the gun. It was gone. He fumbled around his waist for the silver toy. The one thing that he could use to get rid of the kids that tried to hurt him was gone. What would he do if they stuck their tongues at him? What would he do if they smiled at grown-ups, and the grown-ups smiled back? He felt alone and helpless. Tears started to come down his cheeks, and he tasted the salt of them as they slid past his mouth.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked one of the soldiers.

But the words only made Jimmy

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Eisenhower

by Walter Adams

Editor's Note:
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Illustrations



NOVEMBER 4, 1952, brings to many of us for the first time an opportunity to vote in a national election. This is an important responsibility which in past years has been sadly shirked by a great proportion of our citizens. Today, we must not neglect or underestimate the value of intelligently exercising our right to vote, as we are now faced with one of the greatest political decisions ever to exist in the history of our nation. We stand in urgent need of honest, intelligent leadership, a change in political administration, and unity of purpose and action, both on the domestic and foreign front. Dwight D. Eisenhower is the one man who can provide all three of these goals, thus insuring our nation with the principles needed to guide us through these turbulent times.

In establishing these characteristics as those which are needed in the years facing us, I have included the necessity of a change in political administration. An examination of the record of the Truman administration will make it evident that a complete change is for the betterment of our nation as a whole. Let us here review quickly and find conclusively why a change is necessary.

Within the last four years, the American public has been made aware of the fact that corruption within the federal government exists at an alarmingly high rate. These scandals were brought forth through the effort of Senator Fulbright and his sub-committee, Senator Williams and others. When Mr. Truman heard of the investigation being carried on by Senator Fulbright, he commented that such an investigation was "asinine." However, when the knowledge of the existing conditions in the Internal Revenue Bureau, the R. F. C., and other governmental bureaus became publicized, the results of Senator Fulbright's did not appeal as asinine to the American people as our President would have wished them to. The scandal finally extended into the Attorney General's office and Mr. Truman belatedly appointed Newbold Morris to investigate, but under such conditions that an objective probe was impossible. Attorney General McGrath and a few other notables were rid of, but an overall cleanup was not exercised.

Undoubtedly, Governor Stevenson will promise to clean up the "mess" as it exists today, but I believe he would find it impossible. A Democratic victory in this election would further entrench the Fair Deal bureaucracy and no man, being a part of the Democratic administration, could evoke the clean sweep which is necessary to again right the conditions prevalent in Washington today. The man who undertakes this task cannot meet with success if he is being endorsed by the party under which these conditions exist. He will find himself bound by too many ties.

Along with the corruption in government, we have been shocked by the amount of Communist infiltration in Washington. Again when investigations were getting too close to home, Mr. Truman ridiculed the entire idea. When the investigation of such men as Alger Hiss occurred, Truman termed the whole thing nothing more than "red herring." Through the effort, for the most part of Richard Nixon, Alger Hiss was brought to trial and convicted, and the danger of the

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ideas expressed
are the authors'
only endorsed by
FVE.

lage Wilmer

Stevenson

by William Louis-Dreyfus

THE PROBLEM is to show that Adlai should be the next president.

The first word in any such undertaking is "how." I thought of the undertaking, then of the word and came to what at first seemed to be a rather consistent and precise solution: to compare the two men as to experience, honesty, wisdom, party affiliation, private and public backers, points of view, moral beliefs, religion, and even glamor—something to charm Joe Stalin into disinterested passiveness.

That seemed fine, and it was fine until after enthusiastically dealing with Governor Stevenson I found myself face to face with the general. He is a good general, I thought, a five-star general. I debated whether to use Richard Nixon's "He's a great man" theme for my candidate, but then was not sure whence it would please or offend. I thought it better, however, to leave the pure phrase pure for Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*.

We must place this argument in specific time. The Democrats and Stevenson are not running against Hoover. The Republicans (both generations) and Eisenhower are not running against Franklin Delano Roosevelt or Harry Truman. The governor of Illinois is the candidate. The Republicans are running against him, his views, his ideas, and his policies—all of which he has made very clear.

With all this in mind, we come to those big words "captive, prisoner, and puppet." I cannot blame the Republicans for hoping. It seems that is all they have left of their own. But again I must ask how he is a captive. Is he Truman's captive, labor's captive, the farmer's captive, the Negro's captive, or just Alger Hiss's captive? For the sake of a good rational search of truth and at the risk of confusing many Republicans, let us analyze just how much of a captive Stevenson really is. Truman calls the Taft-Hartley Act "good for nothing." Stevenson in Detroit said that the act was in fact good for something. He said it was not a wholly bad law as some have called it. He came out in favor of its replacement by a somewhat



similar law, salvaging the act's good points and getting rid of its twenty-six bad clauses. These, by the way, are not his figures. They are Senator Taft's.

Stevenson does not leave the matter in the air. He cites the good and bad points. You need only read his speeches to see what they are. He has opposed the president's taking over private industry, such as the steel mills. It would seem then, that the puppet, if puppet he be, has cut away the strings and is running his own show. He had told labor that he is not their captive and nobody is going to follow each laborer into the voting booth.

Governor Stevenson stands for the Democratic farm policy. He has told them that and has even told them again what that policy is. Good government is supposed to help the people and to look out for their needs. The Democratic farm policy helps the farmer. If it does at the expense of the rest of the nation it would do the governor very little political good to be the farmer's captive. If it does not, then the question of captivity is irrelevant.

The governor has told us his views on Civil Rights. In brief, he upholds the Constitution, which does not

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Man On The Hill

THE MORNING mist hung thick over the lakes and the heavy tires of the bus sizzled over the wet tar road making the sound that frying bacon makes. The first thunder storm of the season had come the night before, and it had rained very hard. Now it was still drizzling.

Themi could hear the tires in her sleep, and they gradually woke her up. The bus smelled of the clinging scent of many sleeping people, and she could taste it thickly on her tongue. She looked out at the lakes and thought how she would like to be out there in a canoe with the damp of the mist and the drizzle on her face and arms and back. Something had been pressing on her mind all night, as a small piece of gravel stone in the shoe presses on the sole of the foot and will not be dislodged. She looked at the boy sitting beside her. He was still asleep, his sharp-featured face turned toward her. His short dark hair didn't stick up any more, but was pressed down smooth around his temples where he had been sleeping on it. There was a fine dark stubble on his chin, and his lips were almost smiling.

Themi kept her eyes on him. It was the first time she had been able to study his face. Yesterday she had been sitting on the bus in the Spenserville station. She was going to visit friends, Meg and her husband Hugh. They owned a farm and she liked to visit them because they were happy and good, and the farm was quiet and comfortable. But she dreaded the trip there. She dreaded bus stations and buses. When she was a child stray dogs followed her home, and she was afraid of dogs. Now it seemed that each time she

rode a bus, some stray drunk or young squirt would sit beside her. And she feared them too, and she feared the time it took to get from Spenserville to the farm. She put her magazines on the seat beside her and hoped no one would sit there.

The boy got on the bus then, and he came over and asked if he could sit next to her. Themis took the magazines off the seat and he sat down. He asked her where she was going and then told her he was going to Wanerton, which was a city fifty miles beyond Clayton.

The bus left at three, and they read her magazines without talking much. Themis watched his hands as he turned over the pages of the magazine. They were clean and strong and blunt and honest-looking, and he wore a ring with a green stone in it on his right hand. His shirt cuffs were white against his tanned hands. At five o'clock the bus stopped and they ate greasy scrambled eggs and bacon together in a diner. He offered her a cigarette after they were through. "You know, I like the way you smoke. You look as if you were interested in the cigarette." That pleased Themis, and she asked him why he was going to Wanerton. He said he was going to look up a girl he knew there.

"It's really nothing serious." He pushed a small piece of bacon around the greasy blue plate. "It's just someone to sack up with." He was rolling up his shirt cuff as he sat across the table from her, and he kept his head down, only lifting his eyes when he looked at her. He snubbed out his cigarette, and it sizzled softly in the grease on the

- by Ruth Rae

blue plate. They went back to the bus.

The sky clouded over about seven that night and it had begun to rain. The bus was dark except for two reading lights. The woman across the aisle was asleep with her head on the arm of the seat. She was snoring.

"I slept with a girl that snored once, but only once. I hate women that snore." He was very talkative. He told her about the first time he had slept with a woman when he was fourteen. She was a married woman who worked for his uncle. Her husband was out of town, and one day he had gone there to give her some work his uncle was sending her, and she asked him to stay for dinner, and he stayed and he slept with her. He kept going back, and one day he went there and her husband was home and the husband had beaten him up and called him a dirty little punk and said his father would hear about it. He went home and his back ached and his nose hurt. He told his father before the husband could. And he cried when he told his father and his father had said, "You're an unlucky bastard," and that was all he had ever said about it.

The boy told Themis many things, and all the time he wouldn't look at her, even in the dark, but sat and played with his tie. Finally he fell asleep. Themis sat in the dark then, and the silence of the bus was very great, and she realized that she was sitting rigid and pressing her feet against the bar on the seat in front of her until her legs ached. She put her hands up to her face and her throat was tight. She wondered how

people could dig into themselves and rip out their dirty little pasts and hand them to you like a dozen oranges. The thunder and lightning started then, and the bus went slower and Themis didn't get to sleep until after the storm.

Now, as she looked at the boy with his flattened hair and his smiling lips, she wondered at how simple things were with him and the world, and with her—but that was now, right now, at the moment, and now is like a clean sheet of paper, and will soon be written on. And then is smudged, and written on, and scratched out and re-written, and cluttered. She looked at her watch. It was seven-thirty. They would be in Clayton in another hour.

The drizzle stopped and the sun started to break through the clouds, and Themis wished she could brush her teeth. The boy beside her began to move. The sun speared through the window and he blinked his eyes and sat up.

"Good morning," he said, and self-consciously tried to wipe the sleep away from his face. "It's really great—sleeping on a bus, I mean. Everyone looks so stupid. You look pretty good, though." His hair was sticking up straight on top where he had run his hand through it. He looked very young.

The bus was coming into Clayton. Meg and Hugh's farm was about thirty miles out of Clayton, and there was no way to get to it and they had no telephone. Themis was always afraid they hadn't gotten her letter and they wouldn't meet her and she would be stranded in the little store that served Clayton as a bus station. Clayton was a caught-between place. An airless place.

The boy got up. "I'll get your bag down for you. Say, listen, I—oh, forget it. I was lonely last night; I'm not now."

The bus slowed up and stopped in front of the little store. The boy picked up her bag and took it off the

bus for her and helped her down the steps. They stood there for a moment; he was looking at his shoes.

"I'm afraid I was pretty nasty last night—well—the reason I told you all that morbid stuff is—maybe it's because I like the way you smoke a cigarette." The bus driver yelled at him, and he got back on the bus and it pulled away and Themis stood there alone.

The store looked the same. A Miller's Highlife sign was in the window, and there were a lot of fly specks on the window too. Themis opened the screen door that was partitioned down the middle so that the whites could go in on one side and the colored could go in on the other.

She went through the door and dragged her bag in after her. She laid it down by the news stand and went over to the counter. A woman about forty with loose, flabby skin was wiping the counter with a dirty rag. The front of her dress gapped where a safety pin replaced a button. Themis ordered a coke and a package of cheese nabs.

"That's not a very good breakfast, dear," the woman said, and didn't move to get the order. "We have some nice eggs—just came in this morning," the woman said and pulled a bottle of coke out of the ice box, wiping the wetness off with the dirty cloth. Themis thought of the eggs she had had for supper and she shuddered.

"No thanks," she said, and went over to sit in the only booth in the store. There were no straws and she had to drink the coke out of the bottle the woman had wiped with her dirty cloth.

She thought of the boy on the bus, and the way people told her things like that because she was quiet. Quietness should envelope strength, but it never did, and people would never learn that it never did. It must be very tiring for mothers, she thought, for they have to be strong

Illustrated by CAROLYN CATHER

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EISENHOWER

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Communistic influence in our federal government became apparent. This has to be emphasized. Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin has done much to fight Communism in the government. His methods have been criticized greatly and I do not wish to argue the pros and cons of his approach, but the fact remains, Senator McCarthy is naming names and bringing the problem squarely to the attention of the American public. A complete awareness of the problem is necessary before a solution can be reached. This solution is now thwarted by the bureaucracy and "bungling" of the Truman administration. In order to rid the government of these elements, a change in administration is in order. This change is not for the sake of change alone, but because we need better government and we cannot achieve this through the reelection of a party which has grown stagnant during its stay of twenty years in office.

The Republican party has many times been labeled the party of special interests. "Big business," "slaves of Wall Street," and other such propaganda has flooded the political market during recent elections. I believe it is time to objectively look at and critically weigh the validity of these statements. During the last twenty years our country has been governed by the Democratic party. It has been a period when certain segments of the population have been favored with no apparent concern for the overall nation. In return, the Democratic party has expected and received the necessary patronage to insure reelection. Smart politics, yes, but at the expense of our nation.

The Democratic administration has taken such minority groups as the labor unions and the agricultural interests and made a majority group of these voters. To do this the administration has placed the interests of labor and the farmer ahead of the economic stability of the nation. The Republican party respects the interests of these groups as evidenced by General Eisenhower's comments, but the respect is in accord with nation-wide policies. Speaking before the A. F. of L., Eisenhower stated that he favored amending certain sections of the Taft-Hartley Law which in the past five years have proven unfair to labor. However, Governor Stevenson, appearing before the same group, called for repeal of the law and another written. This is obviously a continuation of the Democratic principle which seems to believe that strength thrives upon separation, not unity.

An issue which must be brought forth in this incomplete synopsis is one which we might term "political philosophy." The government, under the Demo-

"This is the idea, the idea is this."

—William Saroyan

Knowing not where to end
nor how

She went to pick me Forget-me-nots.
And with the unimaginable truest part of her
said

Here is me without boundaries
As I begin or end, no matter,
Here I am.

and without pause or distinction her
mouth said "these flowers are blue"
and her eyes smiled and her smile
said "if you are sad be happy and
if you are happy be sad" and added
silently so she could not hear "this
is my only expression".

God damn your flowers
I shall forget you
Why should I not
Go
I leave you as much as you leave me
Damn your blue flowers.

And silently so neither knew we were hearing,

For my First mother's haste, I need no flower.

—William Louis-Dreyfus

cratic reign, has increasingly expanded its influence and control over a great proportion of what were once held sacred as privileges of the individual. Public utilities, the railroad, the steel industry, medicine, and others have either directly or indirectly felt the pressure of government intervention. The Democrats have attempted to place us upon the roller coaster of Socialism and this we must avoid at all costs. The results have been all too clear in many European countries. The citizen should not be forced to look more and more to the government for help. American dignity must be preserved. The Republican party believes in giving the individual an honest opportunity to advance with a minimum amount of government interference. Of course, government must assist, regulate, and judge, but it must be done with great discretion, thus preventing a dangerous growth of centralized power.

The foreign policy of the last eight years calls to mind Will Rogers' immortal statement, "We've never lost a war and we've never won a peace." Under Democratic leadership, we have witnessed sickening failures at the conferences of Yalta, Potsdam, and Paris. Appeasement and compromise at these three conferences has placed us in another precarious position, less than ten years following World War II. Appeasement was shown when the administration finally took a stand and sent aid to Greece to prevent the expanding Red influence. This successful venture was largely due to the Republican controlled 80th Congress.

Financial aid to the European countries after the war was theoretically an excellent plan. However, due to mismanagement and other shortcomings, we cannot deem the plan as successful. The money has been squandered and waste has been high. It has been such incapabilities in foreign and domestic affairs alike which have contributed greatly to the high taxes prevailing today.

Our foreign policy in Asia has been one of the true tragedies of American history. We turned against Chiang Kai-shek and his Chinese Nationalists who had been our friends and allies during World War II. We hurled insults and criticisms at them, finally forcing them to relinquish key military posts. True, they had made mistakes, but they were still our ally. Their withdrawal from these positions left them open to our common enemy, the Communists. Today, China proper and its almost 500,000,000 inhabitants is under Communist rule while the Chinese Nationalist Army is located on the island of Formosa. The world in general cannot be safe from Communist aggression unless the Far East is secure. Yet we literally placed China into the hands of the Kremlin and its cohorts. In 1949, an official spokesman for the State Department claimed that even if China were completely Communistic, it could not possibly be a threat to neighboring countries. Two scant years later, hordes of Chinese Reds crossed the Yalu River, and handed our forces as bad a defeat as any received in our history. We have lost thousands of men in Korea due to these unpardonable acts in the Far East. The American public cannot afford to, and will not, forget the bungling ways of the Truman administration in determining our foreign policy for the last decade. It has been a disgrace which even the glib orators of the Donkey Brigade cannot combat.

The Republican party has nominated one of the outstanding men of our century for the highest position in the land. General Dwight D. Eisenhower has twice before been called upon to meet the needs of his country and twice has met the challenge brilliantly. His leadership of the Allied Forces in Europe during

World War II has established him as one of the all-time military greats. His administrative and organizational abilities were called upon when President Truman appointed him to weld the nations of Europe into a strongly knit military organization. His abilities were proven to be of the highest caliber.

In this year of crisis, we again turn instinctively to a man who has our complete faith and trust. We are placing before him the greatest task any man could ever undertake. His belief in national strength, his ability to make important, sound decisions, and his fervent faith in the principles which have made America great, qualify him alone to be our next President. We are faced with turbulent times during which danger abroad will continue to lurk menacingly. General Eisenhower has gained the highest respect of the foreign nations, and his knowledge of foreign affairs is a necessity in the White House. His knowledge is broad, his thinking clear, his decisions sound. We are indeed fortunate to have Dwight D. Eisenhower, a man high in character and courage, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

In closing let me reiterate a statement made by President Truman at a press conference on August 21. He stated that the Democratic campaign must be based on the New Deal-Fair Deal record alone. If that is their opposition to the Republican, General Eisenhower, I feel certain that a Republican party victory is assured in November.

STEVENSON

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allow the denial of any man's right to live freely with what full benefits the nation affords. That is in fact saying that if, for example, a man is denied work because of color or creed it is in full violation of the Constitution and therefore directly a federal issue. I trust I need not deal with Alger Hiss, who, although we live today with radio, radar, and television, would, I believe, find it hard to be any man's jailor from behind bars.

And now that we have been faced with this word "captive," let us not discard it, but pursue it further. Who is Dwight Eisenhower? Well, he is a five-star general. He was head of SHAPE for a year. And he was head of the Allied Forces in Europe during World War II. What administrative experience does he have? His experience is military. Both administrations which he headed were run by the military chain of command. How would that work in Washington? What does the General know of domestic policy? What does he understand about these policies? He has to rely a great deal

STEVENSON

on others for his views. Through his own lack of experience he is forced to follow certain men for his well-being and political survival—Taft, for instance. Senator Taft is of the Republican Old Guard which in June of this year seemed to have taken a bad beating at the hands of a rejuvenated non-isolationist, liberal Republican group. All was well. The senator went off smiling. The General went off fishing. Then they met again, united to “throw the rascals out.” The Republicans and the policies changed somewhat. After that meeting the General talked of cutting the defense and foreign assistance program. And just one year ago he had pleaded with Congress not to cut a cent off the program. The General talks of letting “Asian fight against Asian” in Korea. How does that sound? Then comes the crowning blow to the head that deserves anything but a crown. The General backs all the Republican candidates, “good, bad or outrageous.” Who is the captive?

The Republican’s big cry is change. Change at any cost—change to anything.

I doubt seriously that they know the meaning of the word. They propose no new changes and offer all changes. They opposed the League of Nations. They opposed aid to friendly nations. They called Korea a “useless war.” They opposed social security. They opposed the Brannan Plan. In 1951 the Republicans in the House of Representatives voted three to one against aid to India. Before that they were opposed to aid to Greece and Turkey. They have opposed all changes for the past twenty years and introduced none of their own. Yet they want change. Change to what? We would be only too glad to know. Do they mean that we should change to a man whose chief advisor on Foreign affairs said this in 1939: “Only hysteria entertains the idea that Germany, Italy or Japan contemplates war upon us.” Do they mean for us to change the fact that there are sixty-two million full-time workers in America? Are these workers too happy? Are they too healthy? Do they want us to change the fact that more American children are receiving schooling than ever before? Do they want us to change the efforts to provide equal opportunities to working men and women of all races and colors? Which of these things do they want changed? Where is the change needed?

The Republicans nominated General Eisenhower for the Presidency praising him loudly for the program he had headed in Europe, a program which was born of Democratic policy in spite of loud and angered Republican opposition. They propose to have the General elected by shouting about his great success

in Europe and shouting at the same time against the European program’s reckless spending, self-destroying effects, and lack of accomplishments. I trust it is not too bold of me to wish that the General and his confused and cursing crusaders would take one stand or another. The Republicans do not *now* oppose aid to Greece and Turkey, to France and Italy and England. But what about their voting record on these issues?

The General spoke to the farmers of America on farm policy not long ago. He, as a Republican, backed, applauded and tried to take for his own the Democratic party’s policies. What about the voting record there? What was the Republican vote on the Brannan plan? The General told labor that the Taft-Hartley Act had some bad points. What bad points, General? He told labor he was against compulsion, yet he favors compelling men to work under court injunction for eighty days on terms they have rejected. He has said what amounts to nothing on Civil Rights. In any case, that is more than the Republican platform says. He has praised highly General Marshall for his loyalty and competence. Now he asks the people of Wisconsin to re-elect a man who has insulted Marshall’s loyalty and called him incompetent. He backs a man in Indiana who has violently opposed aid to Europe, SHAPE, NATO, the United Nations, Korea or anywhere else, when one year ago, he was the number one spokesman for aid to Europe, SHAPE, NATO and the United Nations. The General has said that the administration “bungled” things in Korea. Yet he has given us no solution of his own, nor of Taft’s, nor of McCarthy’s, nor of Dewey’s, nor even of John Foster Dulles’. Where do the Republicans and the good General stand? They stand wherever they can. For the most part nowhere. But sometimes they find room on the Democratic platform.

The Republican’s solution to communism and communists is not aid to Europe or check aggression. It is rather name-calling and witch-hunting. It has gotten so that the first fear is McCarthy and the second communism. Some centuries ago if a man called his neighbor’s wife a witch she was put to absurd tests and then, depending on their results, burnt at the stake. But we live in a more subtle times today. We don’t burn people at the stake anymore. Instead Joe McCarthy calls out a list of a hundred names among which there is one communist. The other ninety-nine live in a degree of doubt and dishonor for the rest of their lives. Mr. McCarthy has made us so afraid of communists that we don’t bother with communism anymore.

STEVENSON

The Republicans would have us believe that the majority of Federal employees are corrupt. They would further like us to believe that the majority of the Democrats are crooked. Well, I can say only that there are a great deal of Democrats in this country. According to Senator Nixon's vote-jerking speech of last month, an American is guilty until proven innocent. That, I believe, can only be the last straw.

Governor Stevenson is a Democrat and he is running on the Democratic platform and record. He is not running on these alone. He has his own particular views and policies. But he is a Democrat. There are some who would have us believe that the Democratic twenty years and especially the Truman seven years have been years of bungling, corruption, reckless, foolish spending and unachieved goals. These years, I admit, have not been pleasant. We fought a war and won it and fighting is a costly business. The Truman administration saw fit to win the peace, at least in one way, by European aid programs. Now we do have allies. We are part of a union of nations dedicated to the same objective. We realize full well that the protection of one is safety for the whole. Isn't that a step towards the building of peace? If it is, then let the Democrats take full credit for it, for it was bitterly opposed again and again by the meat of the Republican party. I refer you again to the voting record.

These truth-hungry Republicans grabbed at General McArthur's valiant attempt at his own defense, shouting at their convention that war's sole object is

victory. That is not so. Victory is a costly thing. It can and has been in some instances as costly and as grave as defeat. Victory is war's single purpose, when and only when all other alternatives have been exhausted. War's objective is the ending of war. What has the Democratic administration done in Korea? It has checked aggression. It has kept faith with the United Nations. The real victory is in peace and in the saving of lives. I think it illogical and far-fetched to blame the communist tragedy of China on the Administration. Communism breeds on poverty. There were four hundred million poor Chinese when the Communists took over. How were we going to prevent that? John Foster Dulles will lament and brood over China, but will refuse to do anything about India.

Mistakes, however, have been made. It would be pointless and foolish to deny it. Yet these mistakes are far outnumbered by the Administration's victories. Governor Stevenson has told us where he stands. He has promised to clean up corruption. It is Republican wishful-thinking to say that he cannot do it. He did it in Illinois with admirable expediency.

Nothing would stop him from doing it in Washington. As the President, he would be boss in his own household. It would be his Administration, his chosen cabinet, and department heads and advisors, his own policies, and his own people. He would be able to effect any transformation in the policy of the Federal Government, that he saw fit. It is a misbegotten and treacherous argument to maintain that the Governor could not right whatever wrong has been done. He has in Illinois cleaned out a Republican-inspired corruption, he has unsnarled the budget in that state. He has introduced the pay-as-you-go tax. He would introduce the same program in Washington, a program which has always found opposition in the Republican camp. President Truman used the pay-as-you-go system, covering each dollar spent with another dollar. Yet in 1951 the Republicans in the House of Representatives voted three to one against raising more money to pay our current war production bills. That meant borrowing the money. Those were inflation votes. But these are the very same men who tell you of the threat of inflation.

It seems that the General is in favor of cutting taxes, a noble stand. The General does not tell us how he wants to cut taxes. He does not, but Senator Taft does; a ten billion dollar cut next year and a twenty billion dollar cut the next year. That would mean cutting down on our defense program which is 85% of the present budget.

ALTHOUGH I FEAR DEATH

I cannot tell

Why so much seeing in the pallid evening
Can make a tide rise, a moon full,
A breathless flute ripple melody
Over a watershine, spilling out in circles
All my inward, all my being,
At so much twilight seeing;

Or deep in the splitting of spring,
In the cleaving of seeds, the last swan singing,
My song also soar, my lungs crack,
Shattering glassiness, smoothness of surface,
All in my breathing, all in my flying,
At so much green spring dying.

—Elinor Divine

The Republicans say the Democrats are moving toward socialism. Is it socialistic to try and better the laborer, the farmer, the white collar worker, the Negro? Is it socialistic to try to take a commanding role in world affairs? Is it socialistic to recognize the need for reforms and then try to enact these reforms? That word socialism is the Republican's only defense. They think they can yell out a word and scare the nation into dumbness.

I shall not now tell you that Stevenson's policies and opinions are good or bad. That involves personal decision. But I do ask you to know these policies and opinions. The choice can only be made by weighing the different issues and records. Stevenson has shown his hand clearly. He has spoken his mind at the risk of alienating great portions of the population. I ask you to compare the two men as to what they stand for. I ask you to do away with negative opinion and criticism without solution or even attempt at solution. If this is done, our next president will be the right man.

WISTERIA

Continued from Page 10

"I'm in here," he answered from the study.

Lelia walked towards the door, unconsciously fingering the cotton skirt of her dress like a little girl. The study was dim, except for the small fringed lamp on the desk. Gil sat in a chair by the desk. He was gray and tired-looking in the half-light. But she knew he was a rock worn smooth by time. And when she looked at him there welled up in her a warmth that he was a part of her, and she thought of big white houses and kind people and the cool dim church.

She wanted to tell him what she was thinking, but instead she leaned over to kiss him. He turned his cheek towards her.

"Did you have a nice day?" he asked.

"Oh yes, darling," she said. "Well—that is, the first of it was nice. But Matt and I finally decided we were too old for picnics."

Gil's smile faded. "Where is Matt?"

"He went on over to Vick's. They're going to a ball game."

"Oh."

There was a moment of uneasy silence. Lelia sat down on the arm of a big chair and looked out the window at the unreal blueness of the twilight. Gil seemed almost a stranger, and she had the feeling that she was on the train again, jerking, moving, frightened in the night.

"What've you been doing today?" she asked.

He shrugged irritably. "Working on my seriuon." He paused. "And Mrs. Lawson came by."

"Really? I saw her about two-thirty or three, I guess. Just as I was going to sleep."

"She said she saw you and Matt." Gil turned his face so that it was in the shadows.

"Oh." Puzzled, Lelia flopped over into the chair, dangling her legs over the arm.

Gil tried to laugh, but it turned out to be a funny embarrassed rasping noise. "Yes, the old snoop. She said she came to warn me for my own good."

Lelia swung her legs to the floor and sat up. "Why Gil! What in the world?"

Gil ran his fingers through his hair. "Oh, I know she just got confused. She said something about you and Matt . . ." Suddenly he was serious. He got up out of the chair and walked to the window, turning his back towards her. "You know, Lelia. She started talking all that rot about the difference in our ages," his voice was strained, "and she said something about you two 'carrying on'—to use her obnoxious phrasing.

"Oh no, Gil," Lelia murmured. Suddenly her mind turned back and she saw herself lay her cheek against Matt's cheek because she loved him and he was a part of Gil and the white houses. Mrs. Lawson had been going to the barn. The gray outside was heavy and the smell of spring was gone.

Lelia got up and walked to the window where Gil was standing. Her first emotion was surprise and disgust and a sickness deep inside her at the nastiness. She wanted to explain, but she couldn't. He wouldn't be able to understand. Because he wasn't strong. He was afraid too. And the white houses didn't keep away the fear.

Standing slightly behind him, she put her hand on his arm. "You don't believe her, do you?" she asked.

Gil turned and looked at her, and the lines around his mouth were very deep, as though he had finally agreed to be old. With one hand he touched the soft hair on the side of her face. "Of course I don't," he said, as if he was ashamed. And she knew that he loved her.

Lelia smiled faintly as he put his arms around her. It wasn't easy to become a part of the town and the big white houses. And maybe the big white houses weren't so important, because Gil belonged to them, and even he was afraid. Afraid as she was afraid of trains. But still—maybe she should be careful to stay away from wisteria and from picnics. She was old enough now to know what she must do to belong to the white houses. And even to Gil.

A breeze blew in the window and the inescapable scent of wisteria came down from the direction of the Jordans' fence.

D IS FOR DRAMA

Continued from Page 11

complete Broadway show with the original cast, and have it played in Cinerama-equipped theatres all over the country with a \$1.50 top." This is not a wild idea; it will probably be tried out.

Another of the theatre's possible pall-bearers is Charles Skouras, who, while jabbing determinedly at television's use of movies (and is at the moment engaged in a controversy with the Supreme Court over this topic) is also swinging from the heels with a Sunday punch leveled at the legitimate drama. He is busily at work on a new theatre-TV project that would enable people in any number of theatres to see televised on a giant movie screen "live action" plays, musicals, etc, from the Broadway theatre, and to top all this, it will be in color! There are a great many other uses for his development, especially along the lines of "new" drama, or specially written plays and musicals just for this medium, but Mr. Skouras has not said too much about this field. He seems intent on getting the public into his popcorn palaces at all costs, and even the Drama is expendable to him.

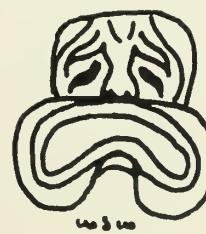
These are only two of the new weapons against the theatre. There are others, but they stem, distressingly enough, from the theatre itself.

Summer-stock companies used to be regarded as a "try-out for Broadway," and an experimental theatre for actors, writers, designers, et. al. But in recent years the barn yard community's love for the fast buck has rejected the experiments and accepted only the sure hits. There, the writer and forward-looking producer suffers. In these hits, the summer theatres now want ready-made stars, big names, and big attractions to help draw the paying customers along with the hit show. And in this respect, the struggling actor suffers. (Usually, in both cases, it is the audience who suffers most, for these

productions, while sometimes highly acceptable, most always are inferior products.)

And last, the most talked about reason for the possible demise of the Drama: the necessity of a play to make money. There can be no experiments on the Broadway stage these days because it is too expensive to have a flop; a producer just can't take a chance on a new play by an unknown author unless he has money the government doesn't know about. There are very few producers like Saint-Subber who produced Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp* because he thought it was "good theatre." The play was roasted by every critic but Brooks Atkinson of the *Times* who agreed with the producer. Even in Saint-Subber's case, he was dealing with an author of some reputation—although gained in another field—and not some rank amateur.

Perhaps all of this discussion is merely a waste of time, for the drama, like war, has repeatedly survived despite new inventions, gadgets and trivia which were supposed to bring an end to it. But the last case presented, that of rising production costs, already has claimed one theatrical victim: vaudeville. And although it is certain the legitimate theatre considered vaudeville a bastard child, there is no doubt that the child was mourned all the same. It happened before; it could happen again.



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THE SILVER PISTOL

Continued from Page 13

cry harder. He got to his feet and ran out of the car down the long corridor that led to the observation car. He stopped at the end of the corridor and leaned against the wall, sobbing and panting for breath. He felt dizzy and sick. It seemed as though he were all alone in a clearing with very tall trees that leaned over him and tried to push him to the ground. His mind whirled, and thoughts twisted together until everything was unreal in his mind. Jimmy sat on the floor and put his head in his arms.

"What's the matter, son?" asked a deep voice above the little boy crouched in the corner. "Are you sick?"

Jimmy raised his tear-stained face to the man dressed in a neatly pressed blue suit and nodded yes. He sighed slowly. A look of concern came over the man's face, and he took the boy in his arms to his compartment. Jimmy felt much better when he heard the man call for the porter to bring some milk. The man put him in the lower bunk and pulled a blanket over him. He sat on the bed beside Jimmy and asked him why he was crying.

"I lost my silver pistol, and it was the only one I had," he answered. "I wanted to show it to the soldiers at the table, and then I couldn't find it." He gulped and a small tear appeared at the corner of his left eye.

"Now, now, that doesn't sound too serious," the man answered gently. "I don't see why we couldn't get you another silver pistol. I'll tell you what. If you promise to stop crying, I promise to buy you another toy gun. Fair enough?"

"Oh, yes!" Jimmy said eagerly. "It was a bright silver one, and it had a bone handle. Just like the one that Hopalong has. I think you're a very nice man." He smiled at the man and the man smiled back. The boy snuggled under the covers a

little more. He was very warm and comfortable.

"Can I stay here until we get to Oakmore?" he begged. "Grandma is waiting for me 'cause I'm visiting her for awhile. Can I stay here? I'll be real quiet," he promised.

"Certainly you may if you want to," assured the man. "And you can meet my wife and daughter. She's looking through the train with her mother right now. She's just about your age. I'm sure that you'll like her."

Jimmy turned over in the bed, and the man sat down in the compartment's only chair to allow the boy to rest. But he was far from resting. Inside his quiet body, Jimmy's mind was working furiously. . . . Little girl, huh? I'll bet she's like all the rest who try to make fun of me and hurt me so I can't get big. I'll bet she smiles at grown-ups, and they smile back at her. They always try to get attention and be noticed and talked about. If I had my silver pistol, I'd shoot her when she was nasty. But it's gone! . . . The realization hit him and he began to think what he could do if they tried to hurt him now . . . I can use sticks and stones. They hurt! I'll show them they can't stick their tongues at me. But I'll have to be careful so that the grown-ups don't see me. They wouldn't like me if they saw me hurting kids. But if they do see me, I can be innocent and small, and smile. They'll think I'm good. Little girl! Betcha she's got long curls and big eyes. I'll get her, but the nice man won't know it . . .

The pillow was soft beneath Jimmy's head, but he wondered. He balled his fist and punched the bed. There was a squeak of springs, but nothing happened. He hit the bed sharply, and something tickled his nostrils. He smiled and turned over to look at the man who had been so nice. He was fair-skinned and had blonde hair that was slightly curly. He smiled while reading his book. He looked up at the little boy in the

THE SIGNPOST

It stands alone, a weary sentinel
Stark-outlined against the rainswept sky
Awaiting sound of hoof or wagon's creak.
A deep-creased sage, this weather-beaten stick,
That points the way but never ventures hence.
Neither is the traveler compelled to this one route
Nor held from seeking out another path—perhaps
less frequented.

His way well may lie among the greener inland meads
As through these barren hills along the sea.
Not hidebound azimuth this pole describes
But merely the immediate direction
One must follow to attain his destination,
Whether inn or town or city—or a kingdom.

—Thomas Jordan

bed and saw that he was not sleeping.

"I know," he said, "You're too excited about seeing your grandparents to sleep. Well, we'll buy the gun in the toy store near the station so you'll have your silver pistol again."

Jimmy got out of the bed and sat beside the man on the chair. He looked at the book that he was reading. It had nothing but words on it. He heard the door opening and looked up to see the man's wife and his daughter entering the compartment.

The mother was a beautiful woman with long blonde hair. She wore a brightly-colored dress that made her look young and gay. Jimmy looked at the girl, and his mouth

pursed in a frown. He thought he was looking at himself. She was smiling a bright smile. Her blue eyes and blonde hair almost matched the color of his own eyes and hair. She was talking to her mother, and she tossed her head as she said something to her. She was bright and pretty too. The mother smiled at her daughter, and so did the man beside the boy. She turned toward Jimmy. She smiled at him and said:

"Hello. My name's Barbara. What's yours?"

The little boy stared back at the little girl with the smiling face and blonde curls and blue eyes. He waited a minute and then he answered:

"My name's Jimmy. Do you have any picture books?"

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MAN ON THE HILL

Continued from Page 17

for people all the time, and they must be very weak for others keep giving them their weaknesses. I would make a good mother, she thought.

The door swung open, and a drunken farmer bumped against the partition and caromed into the room. He tried to focus his eyes, and squinted at her foolishly. Oh, God, she thought. Why don't they get here. She looked at her watch. It was quarter to nine. She looked down at her cheese crackers and she felt the drunk angling his way toward her.

"Hiya, Honey, whatcha doin'?" He leaned on the table with his hands, supporting himself. His hands were cracked, with dirt in the cracks and there was an open sore on his right thumb and it was dirty. Themis remembered the boy's hands and she put a cheese cracker in her mouth. She kept looking down.

"Leave the customers alone, Chuck," the flabby woman's voice came from in back of Themis. "Buy what you want and get out."

"What th' hell's wrong with you, May? Jealous or sumpin'?" Chuck left Themis's booth and walked toward the counter, bumping into a stool.

"If you don't hurry up and get out of here, I'll call up your wife to come get you." Themis turned around and smiled gratefully at the woman. She liked her then.

"Oh, fer Chrissake, I jus want to use your goddamn john." He started for the stairs in the back of the store and stumbled on the first step. The woman laughed.

"He sure is a card," she said. "I never saw anybody that could get so drunk and still talk. Scared stiff of his wife, he is, and her just a little mite." She laughed again, and Themis smiled back, but she didn't like her now, and she wanted to leave.

"Is someone coming to get you, honey?" the woman asked.

"Yes," Themis said. "I think I'll go out and see if they're around. If anyone comes in looking for me tell them I'm down the street." Themis picked up her bag and walked out the door and down the street.

Dear God, what would I do if I were left in this place? This airless place? To these people it isn't airless—it isn't caught-between. It is a place to come to, or to go from. The side-walk is familiar to their feet, and the buildings are familiar to their eyes, and the sounds to their ears. Other places exist for them, but they go to them from Clayton, and come back to Clayton. But I'm here and shouldn't be. And when I'm in Clayton nothing else exists. Clayton is suspended, and I can't leave it because I don't know where to go, and I can't stay because there is nothing to stay for—nowhere to stay. She went back to the store. It was the only place she knew to go.

When she got back to the store she put down her bag and looked at her watch. It was nine-twenty. Someone whistled at her from a truck. "Want a lift, Babe?" It was Hugh, and she felt as if she were somewhere again, as if she were connected to something.

"I don't ride with strangers," she said and grinned.

He stopped the truck and got out. "Did you think I wasn't going to get here? The damn truck got stuck in the mud."

"I was afraid Meg didn't get my letter," she handed him her bag.

"And you would be stuck in the booming metropolis of Clayton, poor kid." They both laughed and Themis felt silly for the way she had felt two minutes ago, and she talked fast about nothing to Hugh on the way to the farm.

The roads were wet, and the red clay was slick and it took them a long time to get to the farm. When they got there Meg was baking pies in the kitchen and Hugh said he was glad that Themis had finally

gotten there because he hadn't had any dessert in a week. Themí loved them. She loved the free, laughing feeling she got when she was with them—the feeling of space and content. She liked to talk seriously with them too, because things were serious to them, but in a different way. They weren't urgent or frantic, they were soft and mulling.

That afternoon about three, Themí and Meg took a walk in the fields. They walked up to the first level of a hill and they could see most of the country from there. The country was green and the red clay roads were vivid slashes in the green. Themí told Meg about the boy on the bus and waiting for Hugh at the bus stop, and Meg said she used to get frightened like that when she knew she shouldn't. She said that she used to try to think about God and Christ when she got scared like that, but it didn't help much. It helped a little when she thought of Hugh, and since they had come to the farm she had never felt that kind of fear.

They talked a long time, and it started to get windy and it began to cloud over again and the green of the fields became dark and almost blue. Meg got up to leave and turned toward the hill behind them. She started, and her face grew white. Themí turned. There was a man standing on the top of the hill and he was looking down at them. He was a dark man, his clothes were black and shabby, his face was dark and lined, and his hair was long. His clothes and his hair were blow-

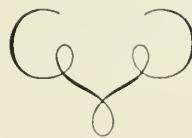
ing in the wind and the clouds moved swiftly in the sky above him. He disappeared over the top of the hill and Meg and Themí stood there staring at the place where he had been. Then Meg said, "I wonder who he is. Probably a poacher. Remind me to leave the dogs out tonight."

They didn't talk on the way home.

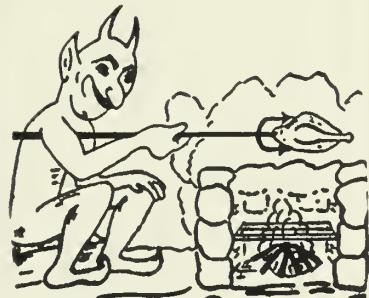
God and Christ. Themí thought. God, G-o-d, God. Christ, C-h-r-i-s-t. Nothing. Letters, letters put together. Meg and Hugh—Meg and Hugh are real, they are something. Fear is real like Hugh and Meg are real. Fear is the man on the hill. Fear is the woman that seduced the boy—he is the boy's father. Fear is the boy, and the drunk, and the drunk's wife, and the woman with the dirty cloth. Fear is me. Fear is real, and you can touch it. No, fear is real, and you can almost touch it, but it goes away. Fear is always watching from the top of the hill, and when you think he has gone away, he shows up again. I saw him, and I know he'll come back, but I saw him and that helps. It's good that I saw him.

Themí looked at Meg as they walked on the muddy red road. Everything is real to her. Everything is tangible, even the man on the hill.

The rain began again, and they started to run, and the road was slippery and they sloshed in the wet and the mud. Meg fell once, and they laughed loud through the rain. And the rain felt cool.



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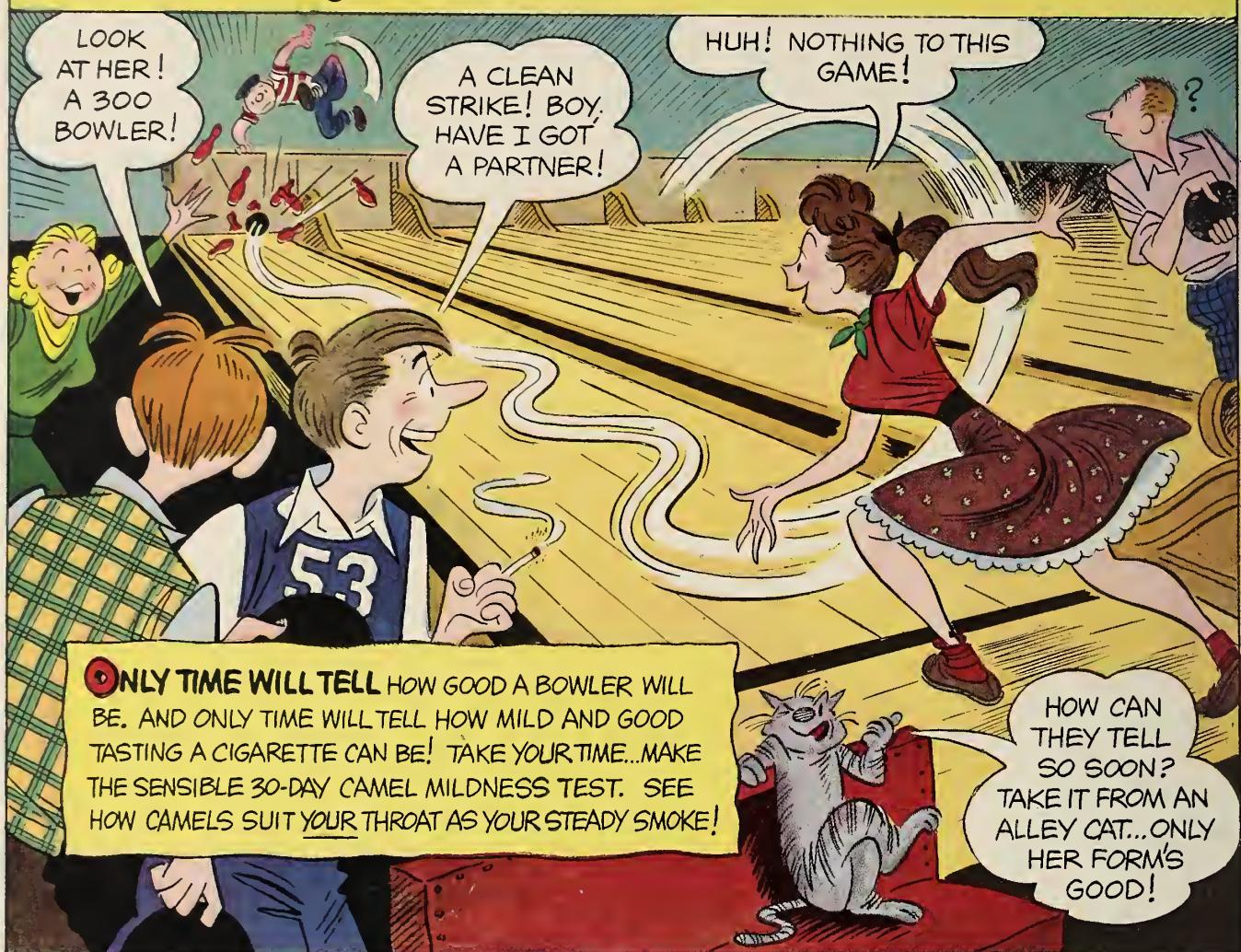
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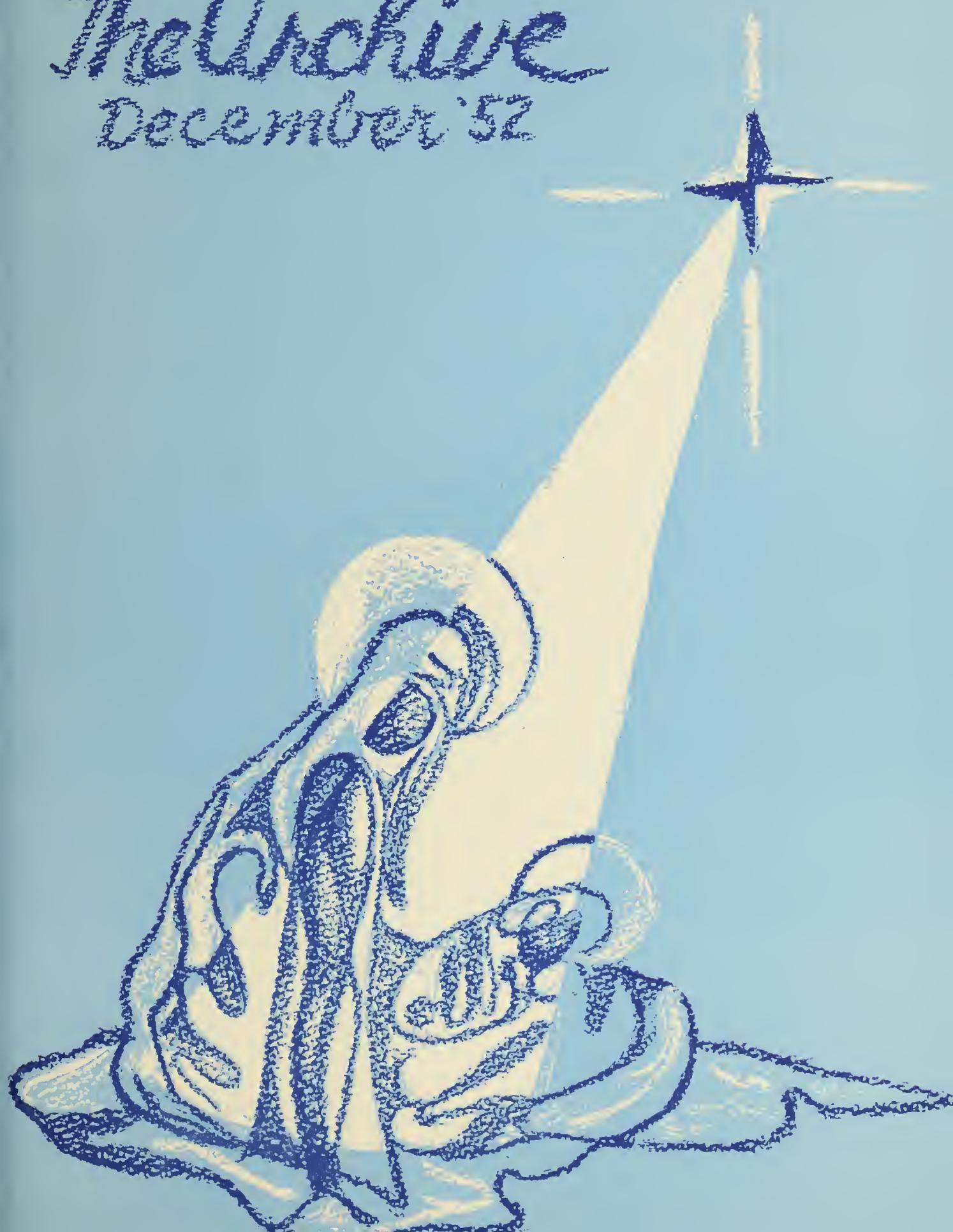
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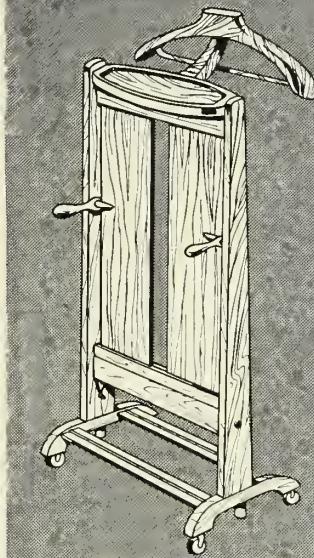
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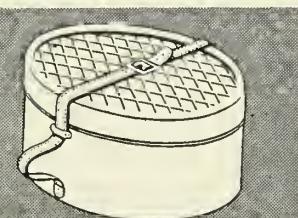
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THE ARCHIVE

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december, 1952

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A Literary Periodical Published By
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Vol. 65

No. 2

editorial

SOME say that the ARCHIVE will go on forever. It has also been said that it is very near death.

The ARCHIVE will not be allowed to die because it is "The South's Oldest Literary Magazine". We think we would be correct in saying that each editor in the past few years has reached a point in his career when he feels that to be the only reason it will not die. The fact is that the ARCHIVE depends almost wholly on Dr. Blackburn's creative writing class for its fiction, and it depends on staff for articles and poetry. This means that the members of the staff wear out the knees of their trousers begging for material and the keys of their typewriters trying to get enough to fill the book by the dead-line. The situation is ironical and certainly undesirable. The ARCHIVE will not be allowed to die, but it will remain in a pretty sickly state with only occasional bursts of health if the present situation continues.

There are, undoubtedly, solutions. This year we have used a more extensive policy of criticism, acceptance and rejection by virtue of having a larger staff. However, with each rejection the question arises, "If we don't use this, what will we use?" So we get down on our knees and start begging again.

Over a year ago another plan was introduced in an editorial, and was submitted last year to Publications Board which constitutionally has jurisdiction over the campus publications. Last month this plan was put into committee to see if a compromise can be reached. The idea behind the original plan was to take the ARCHIVE out from under Pub Board and put it under a lit-

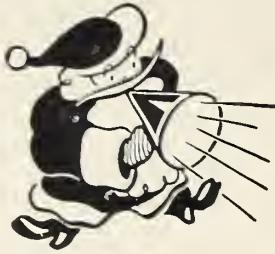
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erary club. From this club would come the editors, staff, a greater amount of potential material, and a definite policy. It is a good plan, and we would like very much to have something come out of it. Our interest is not primarily that the ARCHIVE come out on time with a reasonable amount of pages and a comfortable amount of advertising. That is secondary. Our main interest is that the magazine come out with the best material in the best form.

It seems incredible that a university of the size and quality of Duke shows such little active concern regarding its creative output. Perhaps it is partly because of the traditional misconception that the ARCHIVE is a closed organization of unintelligible writers. It might also be that the university as a whole is unaware of how small the literary artist's offerings are that come into the ARCHIVE, although it seems impossible that the members of the university are not aware that something is wrong. We are optimistic enough to believe that it is not because they don't care.



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A CHRISTMAS STORY

By THOMAS JORDAN



FEW YEARS ago there was a young girl who didn't like Christmas. That is, she liked Christmas but not the way people treated it. Sometimes she almost wished there wasn't a Christmas for people to be so careless about, but she always changed her mind after thinking about it for awhile. She lived in a city where snow almost never fell and where everyone seemed to look at Christmas as a way to make money and to make others happy at their own expense. People were preoccupied with giving and thought almost not at all about receiving. They enjoyed giving handsome presents but felt uneasy receiving them. And moreso the handsomer the gift. Also, as one might suppose, they made no distinction between the words *present* and *gift*.

The city sparkled with a multitude of colored lights and gaily decked display windows. Stores were filled to overflowing with useful gifts and working toys. Even the street lights were decorated; each lamp was covered with a yellow cut-out to make it resemble the star of Bethlehem that guided the gift-laden travellers to their goal. These decorations were put up by the shop-keepers even before Thanksgiving so they could enjoy their turkey and know they were ready for the great rush of shoppers that soon would descend on their stores.

As December progressed traffic in the city became heavier and heavier. People in cars became more and more irritated by those who weren't, and when they got out of their cars, by those who were. Quite a few people lost track of time in their haste to assure themselves of a merry holiday, but this was not too distracting because everywhere were signs and people to remind them how many shopping days were left before Christmas.

The young girl could not see why everyone spent so much time thinking about Christmas before it

came and so little time after it passed. "After all," she would say, "Isn't Christmas as important to God the day after as the day before?" One or two people who heard her began thinking about this and even carried it a step farther, thinking how much more important were the days following the first Christmas than those preceding it. But they were older than she was and did not think her argument needed any strengthening. "She's righter than she thinks she is," they thought, "but it won't make things any easier for her if she knows."

As frequently happens among young people, the girl decided to do something about the way Christmas was being abused. However, as happens just as frequently, she found out very soon afterwards that there was very little she could do. People already knew what was happening to Christmas. She talked to them, but they only agreed with her and lamented the sad fate of the Lord's birthday all the more. "Then why don't you *do* something about it?" the young girl would ask. "We can do no more about it than you," they would reply. The world was filled with wisdom, the young girl found, but wisdom did not prevail in the world.

"At least I can make Christmas a truer thing myself," she thought. "And if I do maybe someone else will, and maybe others." But she was, if not a little girl still a young one, and could not find anything to give to her parents and friends that no one else gave to theirs. She knew that they would give very nice presents to her and she didn't want them to think she was stingy, but there just wasn't anything different to give—unless she made it herself, and heaven knew she couldn't *make* anything.

At last she thought of something. "I can give ideas," she decided. "I can give love and friendship and make them happy." She asked her mother if people would mind getting gifts like these, for a young girl is never entirely certain of what other people might think.

"Of course they wouldn't mind, darling," said her mother, "But you can't give things like that just for

Christmas because they must be given all year long." So the young girl learned that there were things too big as well as too small to be given for Christmas. But she still thought they were better things to give than perfume and neckties.

The days passed, and there were fewer and fewer shopping days left. Then the day before Christmas came and she still had nothing to give to her parents and friends, but she would not go down town and buy them ordinary presents. Finally, on the very last night before Christmas as she was hanging her stocking over the fire place, the young girl thought of what she would give.

"Mother," she cried, "I have to go out. I just thought of what to give for Christmas!"

"That's wonderful, dear," said her mother, "But now you'll have to wait until next Christmas, the stores are all closed. See, it's after ten."

"Oh no," laughed the excited girl, "One store is open even on Christmas Eve." And she ran from the

house. It was the turn of the parents to wonder when they went to bed what Santa would bring them in the morning.

The next day it rained, and the black streets of the city were slippery and shiny under the grey sky—but it was Christmas. It was, after all, very cold and if it got a little colder it would snow. While the young girl opened her presents under the tree, forgetting for a moment how that day was mistreated, her parents opened her gift. Inside the box they found a single white gardenia. Next to the delicate blossom was a small card on which she had written several lines in her bold script:

For Christmas I give you this flower. Soon it will die and then you must remember the spirit I gave it in, if you are to have anything at all. That is all I want you to have, because it is all that I can give.

OF MIRACLES: SNOW AND STARS

meekness
like the cold little feet
of smallest animals
touches silence in me
seeing stars:
how they shatter out so:
in fearful
deepness

Below, with me, the snow now lies.

Its sudden coming seemed
(oh!)
Great splintering out of heaven.

I say
at such a falling
the sound of a thousand bells
would not surprise

nor any strange thing distress
(be it even death)

—Elinor Divine

A Sense Impression

THE BLUE DOOR

by JOAN B. HILL

MICHAEL watched the train go by above him as he squatted crosslegged on his red shine box. As if to keep out the intense rumbling, he shut his eyes tightly for a second and drew his knees up so that they touched his chest. Then he leaned further back on the box, his bare brown shoulders touching the blackened stone building. Above him a pink and green sign blinked: "Homer's Music Store," and in smaller lettering: "Instruments Bought and Sold." Hanging down from the sign were two dull brass trumpets and a saxaphone strung on heavy cord. When it was windy, the instruments would clang together as they swung back and forth like pendulums, causing people on the avenue to turn and look. In one of the narrow show windows of the store second hand instruments lay piled on top of one another. People looked in the window each day, some rubbing the pane with handkerchiefs, some holding their hands up to their eyes trying to avoid the dust as they stuck their noses on the dirty pane to see in the window. Not many went inside the store. When someone did, the soft music which came through the blue swinging door clashed with the sounds of the outside and was quickly lost.

Michael's bottom hurt him so he stood up, placing a bare foot on the

red box and looking absently around for a customer. The tube-like el had gone out of sight, leaving dirt specks and newspaper bits which, little by little, fluttered down through the strips of railroad track. The sun shone in panels on the trolley tracks of the grey avenue below. Michael watched the bright yellow taxis as they weaved on and off the tracks and in and out between the pillars of the el. They reminded him of the marbles that he dropped on the kitchen floor once. They all rolled opposite directions, as if they knew where they were going but never seemed to get there. But he liked the marbles better because they were silent.

An old man with a shriveled hat came out of the music shop with a large package in both hands, and Michael heard the slow music from within the blue swinging door. The man glanced at the battered instruments in the window, and, tucking the fat package under one arm, hurried away.

The big clock that stood at the corner said 4:45. Michael reached down and pulled up a small brown paper bag from behind the shine box. In it was a wrinkled but clean grey shirt. He put it on carefully. Then, glancing at the people crossing the street, he stood in back of

the box and began to hum. In a very few minutes a tall man in a grey summer suit came up to the shine box.

"I'm late, young man. I got involved at the office."

"Yes, suh." Michael got out his brown polish and brush.

"My stars, it was hot today."

"Yes, suh."

When he had finished shining the man's shoes Michael slowly picked up his red box, rested it lightly on his hip, and looked down at his feet.

"You're coming in with me today, aren't you, son?"

Michael nodded, curling up his toes. He followed the man in the grey suit through the blue swinging door. Inside there were many sounds—soft and pleasant sounds. Someone was playing a piano at the back of the store. The man purchased an album from a lady at the counter and the two of them went into a sound-proof booth.

Michael put his red box on the bench beside him.

"We're listening to Bach this time. It's played on the organ. All right?"

"Yes, suh," smiled Michael. He brought his knees up and put his chin between them. He watched a fat lady go through the blue swinging door to the street, as he thought about Bach.

THE POLKA DOT E

FOR A small town of farmers and local merchants, Wellsbury attracted some good traveling parades. Sarah Lou especially liked the one that came every two years, the one that took two hours to watch, the one that started at the station and came slowly up by Mr. Morgan's Apothecary, crossed the baseball diamond and went all the way to the other side of town, where the Wimple kids lived. But it wasn't because it took two hours of watching with her head hanging out of the third floor sewing room window that Sarah Lou remembered it and loved it. It was because of the polka dot elephant. Sarah Lou had been around for only two parades, but she could remember him as well as I could, and much better later on. And when I had stopped thinking about him all together, she would still talk about the polka dot elephant. She used to shape the large circles in the air with her hands and draw them on the black board, chalking them in with many colors. You could ask Sarah Lou anything about the elephant, and she could tell you.

I used to like the elephant, even as much as Sarah Lou did. I used

to get all nervous and prickly when he bobbed under our window, but when my fourth time for the parade came around, it all stopped. I didn't like the polka dot elephant at all after that.

The first time the elephant came was in late summer when Sarah Lou was only four years old and I was eight. We had stationed ourselves at the third floor sewing room window that opened out onto the street. We leaned our elbows on the sill and hung way out so that our straight, blonde plaits flopped against the red brick wall. We squinted into the sun and waited for the parade to come. Up and down the street, peoples' heads and arms poked out of doors and windows, and lazy boy helpers propped themselves against their brooms. We could always hear the clear blast of the trumpets and the fuzzy trombones fifteen minutes before the mayor, dressed in striped pants and bright red ascot, rolled into sight on the first float. Then everyone clapped and the mayor bowed. He then delivered some sort of speech with a lot of hat-tipping and arm-thrashing. During this, Sarah Lou and I giggled and twitched, and swung

dangerously far out the window. At the end of the speech the trumpets blew again and the people sat up in their rockers and stopped talking. Then there was a hush. Sarah Lou and I would look at each other and share a secret smile. The rest of the parade was hazy; a jumble of clowns and giants and midgets, and the Salvation Army women beating on their drums. Once a freckled boy in the parade stopped a second to shout "Hi ya Sarah Lou", up to the third floor window. She was so surprised that she couldn't shout back. The boy had lost his step in line, and the big leader belted him a few times while he stumbled and shifted his feet rapidly to get into step. Sarah Lou had said after she wished she had shouted back to cheer him up for losing step for her, but it wasn't everyday that she got shouted to from a parade, and it had surprised her.

When the jugglers went by we had tall glasses of pink lemonade. It was fun to be sitting there sipping pink lemonade and seeing a parade and waiting for the polka dot elephant all at once. Sarah Lou used to say it was the most fun she'd ever had. By the time the dancing bears



EPHANT

by Virginia Hillman

had gone by, the sun had settled behind the flags across the street and we didn't have to squint. That was good because the polka dot elephant came next.

Sarah Lou got so excited she would tighten up and her legs would stick straight out behind her on the chair. She would spread her hands wide on the brick side of the building and lean so far out that I had to put my arms around her waist and hold her.

Then he came, bobbing up and down and nodding his head. He was big and made out of white papier mache and he had a long trunk and large, floppy ears. All over his body, even on his feet and tail, were large colored polka dots. If you made out his eyes at first you could always pick them out later on, but if you got confused at first, it was impossible to tell his eyes from all the other dots. Some dots looked peculiarly eye-like, but you could never be sure, since those certain dots might be on his back. Sarah Lou figured out that his rightful eyes were three dots down from the spot where his ears joined his head and one dot over. One of these dots was yellow and the other was purple. Sarah Lou

never moved when the elephant went by. She just stared down, hardly breathing. He bounced along from side to side, right under our noses in the street. He always looked happy and as though he would love to hop out of line. People never poked him the way they did the other animals. Even the street scamps recognized his superiority. He lifted his feet high with a slight swinging motion and placed one foot carefully in front of the next. He smiled happily and bobbed to everyone. Sarah Lou and I always felt closer after we had seen the elephant. We loved each other more on elephant years. Long after the polka dot elephant had bobbed around Morgan's Apothecary and we had rubbed the soreness out of her elbows, Sarah Lou and I would dance around the room beaming at each other.

When the fourth parade came we still lived in the red brick house facing the main street. Sarah Lou was eight, but she still talked about the elephant. She thought about him and drew pictures of him. I didn't spend as much time with her as I had before, but I noticed that she seemed worried about the elephant.

She came often to talk about him with me.

"Remember the elephant, Lancey, remember the time he smiled when you wrinkled your nose?"

The parade came and it was hot. The third floor room was now my bedroom, but the window was still there. Upstairs Sarah Lou was hanging out of it.

Downstairs I heard the trumpets and trombones. I heard the mayor and the hush broken only by the scuffing and stamping of hooves and feet. I knew when the jugglers and the dancing bears had gone by. Downstairs we were having pink lemonade when Sarah Lou called down.

"The polka dot elephant is coming, Lancey."

I laughed and told her that I would be right up. Downstairs the boys were doing card tricks and smiling.

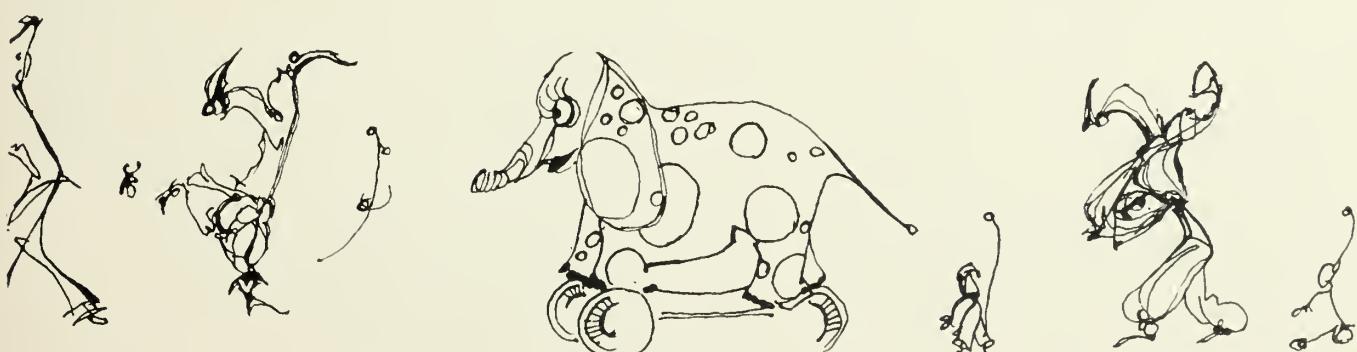
"Launcey, the polka dot elephant is here."

I closed my ears and laughed harder.

"The elephant, Lancey, the elephant!"

I pushed back my chair and ran up to the room. Sarah Lou stood in the middle of the room with her hands behind her back, and her eyes were wet and shiny. I went over to the window. The sun had settled behind the flags and I could hear the trumpets and trombones rumbling around the corner, but the polka dot elephant was gone.

Illustrated by CAROLYN CATHER



Miranda's Tower

A One-Act Play
by John Carter

CAST

MIRANDA—Awakening into a woman with the sand of adolescence still in her eyes.

BARTHOLEMO—A young buck—Prufrock.

PAUL—Perfectly aware of the sacrifices he has made for mankind—a child-saint aged enough to become incongruous.

MIRANDA and BARTHOLEMO wear evening Clothes, PAUL wears a burlap outfit.

At RISE the stage is empty, lit faintly upstage by a white light. The tower, backstage right, should not be visible—there is no other scenery. BARTHOLEMO enters right, rather awkwardly and gingerly carrying MIRANDO in his arms.

MIRANDA

I'm tired, Bartholem—this wearies me—
This trudging through the woods to gawk and gape
At sassafras and elderberry leaves.
Set me down here—a likely place no doubt
For wood ticks, poison oak, and bramble-vines.
Go watch the birds while I concoct a mess
Of love potion from this and this and this . . .
(Picking flowers which are not imaginary to her but
are not supplied as props.)

Some day my prince will come, and when he does
I'll squeeze this in his eyes and then he'll see . . .
(Her words trail off. With an effort

BARTHOLEMO speaks.)

Miranda . . . aren't you . . . well—it's damp down there.

Look here, I'll slip my coat beneath your back
To keep you warm, and you can go to sleep—
If you should wish.
(He thinks of taking this moment—she may be responsive, but he loses it.) The stars are bright tonight,

And soon the moon will lift his ruddy head
Up from his balsam bed and blinking once
Will grizzled grow from taking too much air.

MIRANDA

Console the moon—I hear he'll be too soon
Consigned to God's celestial rubbish heap.
His function's been annulled. Usurping fear
(She sleeps. During the following speech which BARTHOLEMO delivers facing away and several paces from her, a soft, blue light slowly floods the stage, revealing the tower.)

BARTHOLEMO

Young moon, old moon, still young tonight
In innocence's golden light—
Tell me why so soon appears
Your silver sin of yester-years.

Was there an eon once when you
Were golden-thatched the whole night through—
Did you too play the game and find
The flesh was willing, not the mind?

And were you, when the stakes were high
Afraid to fight, to claw, to lie?
Were you unfit to realize
The lustre of the blushing prize?

Old moon, old moon, how old tonight
In godliness's senile light—
I'll squeeze my soul and leave a prayer
With you, cold moon, or do I dare?
(MIRANDA awakening into a dream, gets up and

looks around her, seeing the tower. BARTHOLEMO stands with his back to her until she speaks.)

MIRANDA

Sir . . . Sir . . . SIR—Oh, Bartholemo, it's you. What is that thing?

BARTHOLEMO

That is an ancient tower
Embellished with all the fear of guilt
Of generations. Once a splint'ry cross,
At whose foot wan ascetics shouldered off
The burning burden of the self-lived life,
At length they found it far inadequate
To serve as symbol of man's only hope.
They tried a million tricks, adorning it

Illustrated by RON UNDERWOOD

With statuary, halos, flow'rs, and gold.
At last they changed the style more radically—
Called in the older models, Scrapping them,
They built a tower, its walls encrusted with,
Some say, pure ivory, and some the bones
Of countless Christians martyred for the cause.
(Deliberately looking at her, speaking slowly.)

Thy neck is like a tower of ivory.*
(During the following speeches they are irresistible
drawn together, until they become lost in each other.)

MIRANDA*

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young
hart upon the mountain of spices.

Kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love
is better than wine.

BARTHOLEMO

Erotic poetry. The animal
Within your breast has found a golden tongue
To sing me to its lair. O, siren, lead!

MIRANDA

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields;
let us lodge in the villages.

Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if
the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear,
and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give
thee my loves.

(They turn to go, but PAUL, who has been peering
at them from the top of the tower, runs down and
intercepts them.)

PAUL

Here! Stop! You must be made to learn to love
The holy allegory you defile.

(MIRANDA and BARTHOLEMO turn and stare at
him, not comprehending his reason for being.)

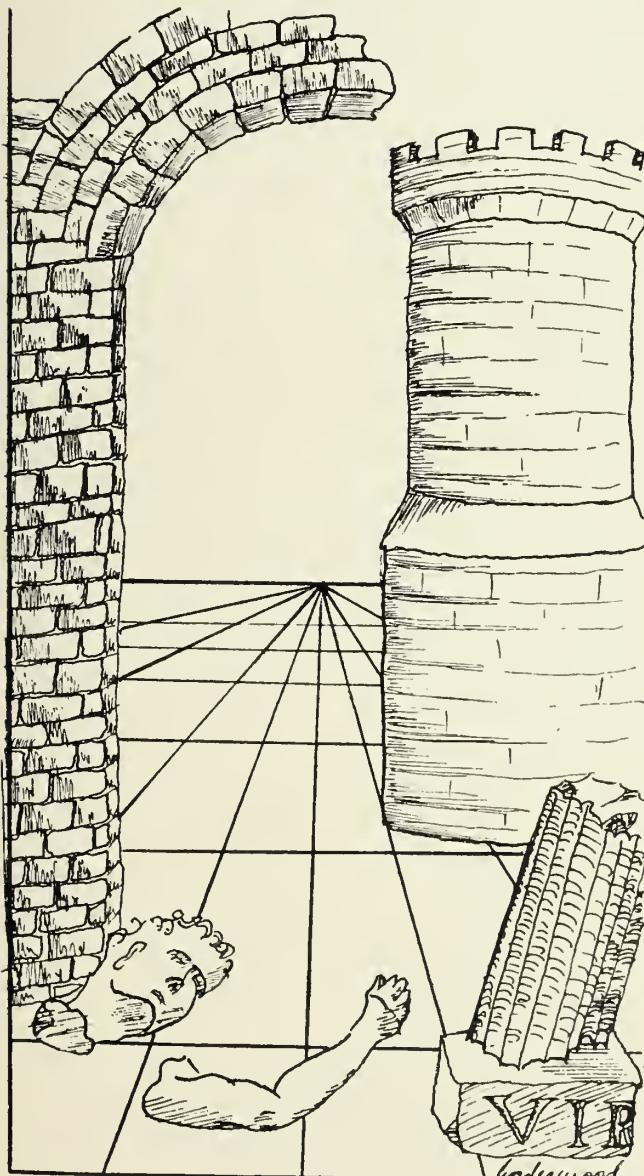
You're young, my friends—you've prob'lly not been
told

The need for abstinence—the power of a love
As far above your carnal lechery
As heaven's high o'er earth—God's love for souls.
The wages, children, of your sin is death—
The gift of God is everlasting life.
Repent, be saved, walk in his paths and know
The solace of the everlasting arms.

MIRANDA

Oh bosh!

* From "The Song of Solomon" in the King James version of the Bible—a collection of sensuous poetry that must be ranked beside the more passionate passages of Shakespeare and Marlowe. Some consider this a divine allegory.—J. H. C.



BARTHOLEMO

What must I do?

PAUL

Cling to the tow'r.
Recline upon its everloving breast.
Forsake the ways of sin—forsake the world.
Upon your knees deliver up your heart
Unto its matchless care. Become like me—
Learn to hate the pleasures of the flesh
That you may save your dear immortal soul
And if God will may taste the sweetest joy
Of saving other soul—stars in your crown!
Arise, climb up, forget your sinful past.
Make every step toward peace and glory.
Ask God's forgiveness—ask his chast'ning rod
To guide your steps. Refrain from looking back.
(BARTHOLEMO enters the tower.)
May God be with you. Trust in him. Amen!

BARTHOLEMO

(Inside the tower, chanting as he climbs.)
Hail tower, full of bric a brac,
Blessed art thou, and blessed art thine inhabitants,
That when the south wind blows, thou keepest the
sun from their collars.

PAUL

(To MIRANDA.)

You disbelieve—why do you disbelieve?

MIRANDA

I need a rock—I need a stalwart faith,
Not one to promise life when life is dead.
I need a love—a love to touch my flesh
And through it pierce my soul. I need a rock
That I in turn can feel, can touch, can love.
When I was young my father passed away.
He never brought me toys—he took away
What dolls imagination could invent.
Instead of hate, I spent my love on him—
No one else was there. And then he died.

PAUL

No one?—and then he died? Poor child!

MIRANDA

No one.
And no one it's been since. Oh—now and then
I'll come across a person, place, or thing
That makes my soul toss off its sombre sheets
And leap from brooding's melancholy bed
To sense the Sun of Spring's idealic song.
But every passing cumulus or mist
Cast shadows on the object's once bright face
That pierce its emptiness. One's first ideal
E'er true or false is ever true when dead.

PAUL

My child!

MIRANDA

Say that again!

PAUL

My child.

MIRANDA

My child—

He speaks as he when his compassion dawned.

Do you drink?

PAUL

No.

MIRANDA

And would you beat me?

PAUL

No.

MIRANDA

And yet you *are* like him—come hold my hand.
(At this point, BARTHOLEMO peers over the top
of the tower.)

I must try just once more. O twisted heart,
That can't refrain from seeking, yet can't find.
O Father, kiss my lips. (They kiss.)

BARTHOLEMO

Well I'll be damned!

(He disappears into the tower shouting and bursts
from the door.)

O Liar!

Pervert!

Cheater!

Lecher!

Fraud!

See if your tow'r can save you now! I'll smear
Its iv'ry walls with your obnoxious gore
And strew your bow'l's in putrid sacrifice.

(PAUL rushes to the refuge of the tower but, to his
great dismay, finds it locked to him. He falls groveling
at BARTHOLEMO's feet as MIRANDA clings
to his seething shoulders.)

MIRANDA

It's not his fault—it's mine!

PAUL

I meant no harm!

Have mercy, spare a weak and tired old man!

BARTHOLEMO

You grov'ling dog,

(Pushes his face away with his foot.)

A monkey would feel base

To spit on you. Get up! get out! be off!

That's right, get out! You think the tow'r of God

Needs trash like you to sanctify its shrine?

Continued on Page 17



ROBERT BRODERSON: a modern day artist

by Virginia Hillman

AFTER SEEING the one-man show of paintings and engravings recently exhibited in the gallery of the Woman's College Library, I wanted to meet the artist, Mr. Robert M. Broderson, a member of the Art Department and a newcomer to the faculty of Duke. For me this show was exciting and stimulating, and I wanted to hear Broderson's ideas on art, about his inspirations, and out of curiosity, about the delapidated rag doll seen hanging over chairs and boxes in so many of the paintings.

Over in Asbury I found Mr. Broderson standing in his studio, tall and friendly, with light brown hair and a crew-cut. Around the room were rows of canvases lined against the walls and a large piece of sheet glass splotched with colours.

"Sure," he smiled as I came in and told him of my mission. "I'd be glad to help you." He took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered me one. As the smoke curled out of the studio, he first told me that he is a one-time graduate student of art and education here at Duke, although he received his Master of Fine Arts at Iowa State University. He came from New Haven, Connecticut, to Duke to teach the theory and application of art, and to paint on his own. Besides the twenty-one oils, ten prints, and twenty-four drawings which were exhibited here in the library gallery, some of Mr. Broderson's work is also showing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and in the Southeastern Regional Show.

Immediately I asked him about the rag doll, Bozo. Bozo, it seems, is a cherished doll that belongs to one of his two sons. In his paintings Bozo seemed to me to have made a charming and subtle recurring theme and, as Mr. Broderson himself puts it, helped in giving them "personal depth." With this and many other original touches his paintings came alive. I was acutely conscious of Bracque, Picasso, and Cezanne in the art, and I asked about these influences. Indeed, Broderson was influenced and got much of his artistic impetus from the painters of the late nineteenth century school of Post-Impressionists in France and from the masters of the twentieth century. From Roualt he seems to have sensed movement and line definition; the figure drawings in Picasso's *Blue Boy* and *Harlequin* left an impression, and the way Cezanne built spatial depth with colour found its way into his style.

"There's one thing I want you to tell them, if you would," he said leaning forward in his chair. I began to jot down notes. "It's my idea of what a painting represents. The self-apparent quality of an idea contained in a painting," he, "is its basis or framework; but if the spiritual essence is lacking, if there is no spirit involved in the idea, the idea will pass." This is what he feels happens often, especially in the modernistic movement. However, he believes modernism to be quite real and sincere, but it represents "an unhappy conglomeration of emotions produced by the violent nature of the times." He is convinced that now that art has reached the stage of modernism with its distortion, brilliant splashes of colour, neon and burning, and its sharp appeal to the senses, art has only one way to go—back to representation, he believes we are in need of a reinvestigation of nature.

Illustrated by E. M. BRODERSON

Every artist has his ideal, and Mr. Broderson is no exception. The strength of the artist's ideal is what classes him either among the fine artists or the commercial. Mr. Broderson doesn't allow for that in-between class of artists who believe in the compatibility of the two. It is through the words of another man that Mr. Broderson expressed his own ideal. He was impressed with a sermon by Fulton Sheen, who said all men are seeking three things: perfect love, eternal life, and perfect truth. Few find it, but through painting Mr. Broderson comes closer to the realization of these things.

As for the question, "for whom should the artist paint", Broderson believes that there is a middle stand, and a justifiable one. An artist should and must pursue his ideals in order to have the essential spiritual quality, but he must remember that the purpose of art is to teach and influence. "Art is to be seen and appreciated, but an artist must stick to his convictions and not lower himself for the public to the point of prostration." It is a challenge to every art critic, dealer,

purchaser, and the public as a whole," he went on, "to evaluate pictures *per se* rather than rejecting them on outdated bases, or trying to tie them up with some particular movement or school."

"I am wary of schools," Mr. Broderson added. "They tend to type your work and it becomes a *cliché*." That is one reason he left New York to come here—to paint uninfluenced by modern and short-lived movements.

Mr. Broderson scratched his head thoughtfully and looked around the room. Our conversation was over. But as I walked out on the porch and down the steps of Asbury Building, my mind kept working. It seemed to me that I had discovered something vital and important in colleges and universities today, something very new without being "moderne" and something born within the last few years which concerns us all. Mr. Broderson seemed to be a man who is helping to enliven this current.

Editor's Note: Mr. Broderson is the winner of the Fifteenth Annual North Carolina Artist's Exhibition.

BRIGHT WOUNDS OF AUTUMN

October's children clamor and
sing, bright wounds,
diffuse sap
bold pantomime
still seeking Laura,
radiant under the sun's kiss, they
cling lusting to the green mother
and laugh hollowly at moon and star,
their wounds belittling
darkness and the beyond;
While the worm at season's end
ferments; wine for his
parched veins, concubine
for clay, and is sealed
in sleep, his insatiate
eyelids glued to lost leaves.

—Francis C. Farley, Jr.

A Character Sketch

by Harry Tierney

S A M



SAM ROLLED the rubber hose up and went inside the house, letting the screen door shut softly behind him. The linoleum on the floor in front of the door was worn through; almost everything in the house was, thought Sam, as he stepped over the spot. He hung the hose on two hooks in the wall and mentally paused to ponder over what his next duty was. Turning slightly he saw the silver dressing set of a Mr. Peabody on the third floor. That man Peabody must have seen better days, Sam thought to himself, and sat down in front of the table to begin polishing the different pieces, occasionally applying paste.

"It must be forty years or more since I've done anything like this . . . them days is gone, yes sir," he said, as he finished the handle to the shoehorn.

The house was beginning to awaken, and Sam could hear his wife in the kitchen upstairs preparing breakfast. Slowly he stood up and walked to the windows, pausing in front of them to look out at the white marble steps he had washed down. The sun had dried the water on them.

"Yea, I used to wash a whole floor of that stuff—that stone; when I was younger, on my knees." He

glanced back at the hose appreciatively and went towards a little closet crammed with clothing. "Every night when all the white folks had gone to bed, I used to wash and wash." He felt with his hands for his vest; all his clothing was there on hooks. This was my best one, he thought as he slipped it on. The finish had come off the buttons exposing a black lead base unlike the once brassy shinyness he could remember.

Up stairs the boarders were beginning to file into the dining room. Sam moved about putting plates around the places. He noticed Mr. Peabody hadn't come down yet, and wondered if he'd come to breakfast. He went back in the kitchen saying, "Good mawnin'" to Mrs. Penn, the landlady. His wife had just about finished the eggs and was getting the platter.

"Say Sam, Mr. Peabody told me last night he wanted to come to breakfast this morning . . . you go up and knock on his door," Mrs. Penn said hurriedly and walked into the dining room to see if the table was set correctly.

"Yes, Mam," he answered.

Sam rapped once lightly on Mr. Peabody's door,

Illustrated by CAROLYN CATHER

Continued on Page 17

Four Poems

by WILLIAM NEALE

THE UNSEEN

Small lives like gentle bits
Of shifting air
Go in and out of buildings,
Home . . . and back.
Ten million tiny winds
Disturb not one
White wisp of smoke
From our own private fires;
And when their gust is spent
Dissolve their brief, transparent
Substance
To a lasting calm.

GOING BACK

Yes, return to the sea now.
Yes, go back (at an evenings wet return)
To all the black water
Churning rocks into sea dust.
Stand alone
Leaning the wind,
Sound on the cold side,
Silence the other;
And the sea in front.
Stand alone
Till your feet sink into
The grey, wet sand
As the memory
Sank into your life.

CITY

Between the forests and the sloping hills
Our singing city stands in quiet grey.

The first warning will be three, short blasts.

Its majesty reflected in the pools
Of formal gardens kept by careful hands.

The second warning will be six long blasts.

The knowledge that its greatest minds could give
Contained within the ivy covered walls;

(If no warning is given, the only indication
Will be a flash of light.)

The genius of its people stands in stone
And quiet beauty holds a solid ground.

"CIVIUM INDUSTRIA FLORET CIVITAS"

Dive for the gutter and cover your head.

FRAGMENT

How like the meteor we live,
Making our endless circles
In a dusty vacuum . . .
Surrounded by the stars.

SAM

Continued from Page 15

calling his name as he did so. Immediately he was answered. "Come in!" Sam obediently entered and found Mr. Peabody folding his straight razor up. "Where the hell is my dressing set?"

"I have it shined down stars, sur," he answered.

"Well get down there and get it!"

"Yes, sur," Sam said as he was halfway out the doorway on his way.

Sam returned with all the pieces and was a little out of breath from the stairs. "What did you expect me to put my shoes on with?" Mr. Peabody asked as he picked up the shoehorn.

"I dunno, sur, I plain forgot. There ain't many gentleman 'round nowadays," Sam replied. Mr. Peabody didn't say anything for a minute and then looked up at Sam who had been standing almost at attention. "What's your name?"

"Samuel Jackson, sur."

"Where you from Sam?"

"The Mansvell Plantation, Fairfax, Virginia, sur."

"I'm Randolph Peabody from the Peabody Plantation," Mr. Peabody said, standing up now with his shoes on. The two men looked at each other for a moment. Mr. Peabody spoke now. "Were you around when they sold the horses?"

"Yes, sur, I was that, that was just before I left Master Mansvell." The two men said nothing for a moment, going back over the years in their minds. Sam looked down and spoke. "Sur, if you'll leave your shoes outside your door every night I'll have them back the next morning shined." Mr. Peabody glanced at his shoes and saw they needed polishing badly.

"Come here Sam," he said. Sam followed him with a very humble expression on his face to a closet. For a few minutes he stood there as Mr. Peabody rummaged inside of it. "Here you are," Mr. Peabody said abruptly with a vest in his hand. "It's an old one, but its better than the one you have on now."

"Thank you, sur, thank you Master Peabody. This is how I got all my clothes in the old days," Sam answered with a smile on his face.

"I'm afraid those days are gone, Sam."

Sam stood aside as he always had for the master of the plantation when he had been younger, and let Mr. Peabody go on downstairs to breakfast. He followed with the vest over his arm. The buttons were shiny, like the ones used to be on the vest Master Mansvell had given him years before, which he was still wearing.

MIRANDA

Continued from Page 12

PAUL

I thank God for the mercy which he's placed
Within your noble heart. I thank *thee* too,
My friend, for just now calling to my mind
A pilgrimage that I'd forgot to take
And's two months overdue. It seems, I guess,
That all things work together for the best
To them that love the Lord. (Laugh nervously.)
Farewell, my friends,
The nearest desert calls, and I must heed
And let the driving sands of abstinence
Scour clean my soul.

(He edges out slowly, saying the last few words off-stage.)

MIRANDA

(During this speech BARTHOLEMO is trying to get into the tower, which is locked to him.)

Oh, what a dumb old man!

To think that I could ever see in him
My dear, departed father's type and heir!
I'm glad that you've come down, Bartholemo.
It must be cold up there—and lonely too,
And I was lonesome here . . .

BARTHOLEMO

Shut up! You slut!

Who stole my credence in humanity?
Whose tongue is false, and worse her goatish heart?
Who robbed me of the solace of the tow'r?
Whose pygmy mind enjoys a rabbit's thoughts!
You! YOU!—That I could ever give to you
The flower of my soul, my sacred loves—
An animal, who lacks propriety,
Good manners, faithfulness, and all the arts
Of decency that culture *should* incur.
You see the tow'r, where first in all my life
I found a refuge from my lustful soul,
Locked, barred, forever dooming me to Hell
On earth, to living with myself.
Miranda, I am lost! and you're the cause.

MIRANDA (weeping.)

It's fairly obvious, Bartholemo,
That you don't love me any more—not since
You left me for your broken-down old tow'r.
Well, I don't care—I'll go live in the thing.
I'll be a nun, and then see what you think.
(She moves to go, glancing at BARTHOLEMO; he makes no response.)

Well, here I go. (Still no response.)

Good-bye, Bartholemo.

(When he continues to stare at the ground, she

rushes sobbing into the tower, slams the door, and can be heard stamping up the stairs, repeating several times:)

Well taken is my oath, and wise—
To from this time the evil world despise.
So help me God.
(A moment after she arrives at the top, she peers over the railing, another moment and she speaks.)
Bartholemo, guess what! (No answer.)
Bartholemo! (Still no answer. She breaks into tears.)
I only meant to tell for your own good
The reason why you found the tower locked.

BARTHOLEMO

Why was it?

MIRANDA

You don't love me—I won't say.

BARTHOLEMO

You know you want to tell me—tell me now.

MIRANDA

All right.

On my way up I saw a group of signs
Of fascinating colors, scripts, and shapes.
Some were writ in blood on human skin,
Some were upside down and others blank
And only spoke when breathed upon, in green.
One, a glass, was me at eighty-nine.
Another said, "Beware the dog." and one
"Keep off the grass."

BARTHOLEMO

Is this about the lock?

MIRANDA

Exactly what I *was* about to say.

Above the "LADIES" sign and to its right,
A brown and inconspicuous poster read,
"Let he who quits me nevermore return."—
It's good it doesn't work the other way.

BARTHOLEMO

I thought you meant to stay and be a nun.

MIRANDA

You think you're smart, don't you. It seems
You always have to have the final word.
I don't care what you think—I'm coming out.
(She can be heard descending the stairs, but finds the door locked when she reaches the bottom.)

It's stuck, Bartholemo, come let me out.

BARTHOLEMO

(Trying the door and finding it locked.)

It's stuck, you say? The door seems locked to me.

MIRANDA

It's locked? It can't? The sign—what can I do?

BARTHOLEMO

Go up again, be comfortable, get saved.
There is a sort the tower keeps by force.

MIRANDA

(After running up to the top and peering down.)
How high is it up here?

BARTHOLEMO

Two-hundred feet.

MIRANDA

I'm jumping, catch me.

BARTHOLEMO

Don't you be an ass.

You're much too fat for catching at such heights.
I've told you not to eat so much, you know.

MIRANDA

Don't catch me then—I'm jumping anyhow.

(Just as she is about to jump, the stage suddenly becomes black. Again the faint white light comes slowly up, discovering MIRANDA asleep in the same place as at the beginning of the play, BARTHOLEMO standing in the same place.

BARTHOLEMO

(Goes to where MIRANDA lays and gingerly shakes her.)

Miranda, Manda, dear, you'd best wake up.
I'm sure it's gotten late—the moon is high,
And you know how your father is at times.

MIRANDA

Is he? Well, Bartholemo, I know
How you can be at times.

(This meets with a blank look from BARTHOLEMO.)

Come on, let's go.

(As they are leaving, PAUL, in tatters and obviously deranged both mentally and physically, enters from the other side.)

PAUL

Good friends, it seems I'm lost. If you should know
The whereabouts of any nearby deserts,
I'd like to find one.

BARTHOLEMO

We have none near here.

PAUL

I'm really not proud, sir, the smallest one
Would do quite well—oh, the minutest one!
(Supplicating.) I need one for my personality.

(at the)

CURTAIN.



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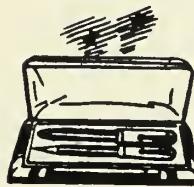


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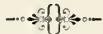


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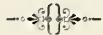


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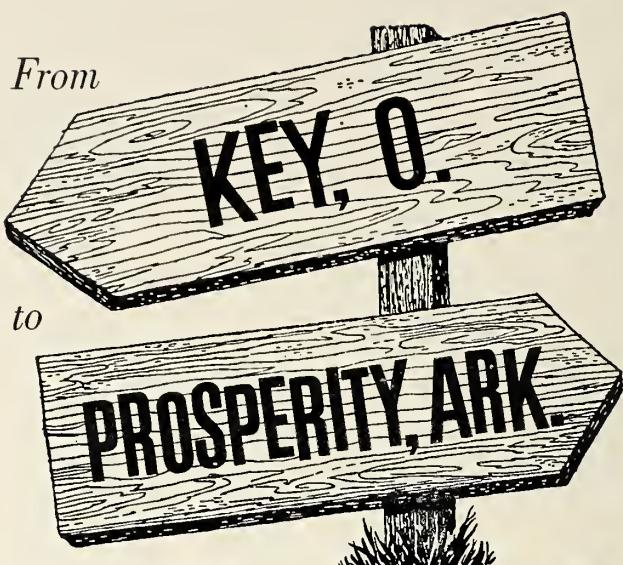
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the archive
february 1953

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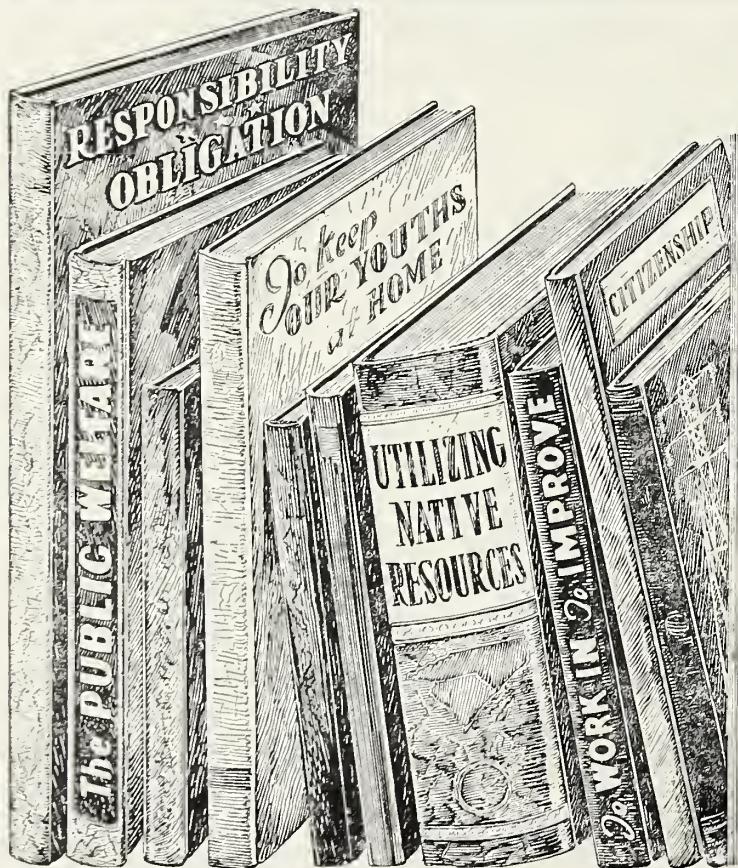
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THE ARCHIVE

articles

AND AFTER THIS
THE MODERN DANCE
THE TRAGEDY OF SUPPRESSION

stories

ANGELS DON'T DIE
THE LIGHT IS SWEET
EYE ON THE MEDAL
THE SMELL OF A ROSE

poems

TWO POEMS
THE END
WE SIT ALONE
A MAN
POEM
POEM
AGE, AND MUCH TO BE WON

Cover by *Don Rosenkranz*

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february, 1953

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A Literary Periodical Published By
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Vol. 65

No. 3

editorial

TO THE EDITOR:

Reading the editorial in the December *Archive* moves me to applaud your efforts to discover why Duke does not produce more undergraduate writing worthy of printing. I am too ignorant to comment on your proposal to shift supervision of the *Archive* from the Publication Board to a still nonexistent literary club.

Elinor Divine 5
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William Louis-Dreyfus 25
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If I understand your proposal, however, I should like to see it broadened into a full investigation of the larger question: why do Duke undergraduates not produce more writing worthy to appear in the *Archive* and elsewhere? Have you evidence that Duke produces less per capita than other comparable universities? Are courses devoted to creative writing inadequate in content? Too restrictive in enrollment? Does the Freshman course fail to encourage, perhaps even discourage potential writers? Do the humanities courses in general fail to present their material so as to stimulate the kind of thinking that leads to creative writing? Does Duke for some reason fail to attract freshmen with literary ability? Are students on campus who can write attracted into other activities? Is the *Archive* too "literary"?

business

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Each staff of *Archive* officers naturally would like to hang up a record of achievement. An inquiry of the sort suggested should not be rushed to premature conclusions, though it should not be allowed to drift until the initial drive is exhausted. Perhaps the present *Ar-*

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archive staff could do little more than set the inquiry going and define its objectives and procedure. That itself might be an achievement.

Sincerely yours,
F. E. Bowman

It is not often that we get a letter-to-the-editor, so when we received this one from Dr. F. E. Bowman of the English department commenting on our December editorial, we were quite pleased. We are printing it here with the hope that others will become actively concerned with the artistic output—or lack of it—at Duke. Dr. Bowman is right when he says that the present *Archive* staff can only start the inquiry going. That is all any *Archive* staff can do.

* * *

It is again time to announce the Anne Flexner Memorial Award for creative writing. This award was set up in the memory of Anne Flexner by her friends and family. Miss Flexner was graduated from Duke in 1945 and died that same year. She was interested in creative writing and was a contributor to the *Archive*. The prize this year includes \$50 in cash and about \$10-\$20 for books, and it is offered by Mrs. Marion W. Flexner, Miss Flexner's mother, for the best piece of creative writing submitted by an undergraduate. Only short stories (5,000 word limit), plays (5,000 word limit), poems (100 line limit), and informal essays (3,000 word limit) are eligible. All manuscripts should be deposited at the English Office, West Duke, on or before April 15, 1953.

* * *

Our cover, called "Suspension", was done by Don Rosenkranz a junior from Lakewood, New Jersey. Don's subject is Miss Claire Williams, teacher of dance and physical education here at Duke. The pictures that accompany the dance article on page 5 were also done by Don, and are of members of the Duke Dance Club. We want to thank Don for his work and Miss Williams for her patience.—rr

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AND AFTER THIS . . .

by **ELINOR DIVINE**

A review of The Plantation, a first novel by Ovid Williams Pierce, who graduated from Duke in 1932 and once edited the Archive.

THE appearance this month of a novel called *The Plantation* provides excellent opportunity for taking stock of what Duke is doing today for the literature of tomorrow. Why? Because the author of this novel of the South, full of tender pain and longing, is Ovid Williams Pierce, graduate of Duke University and former editor of the *Archive*. Coming as it does so nearly in the wake of the 1951 success *Lie Down in Darkness*, this first novel of Mr. Pierce's is liable to pull Duke with pride, even to tempt it to claim the author as a product, as it gingerly did in the case of Mr. Styron. Certainly the *Archive* is proud that a former editor has written what Frances Gray Patton, in her book-jacket comment, justly calls "a Southern novel which avoids equally the old cliché of romantic grandeur and the newer cliché of degeneracy and violence." This is a real achievement.

But Ovid Pierce graduated from Duke in 1932—twenty-one years ago. That is a rather long time to be claiming him now as an example of what Duke is doing in the present to help evolve the serious writer as a permanent species. Even the more recently graduated Styron has been away from Duke seven years. And so in passing a thoughtful question, one fit for the very highest heads on the academic ladder, might be—Will the *Archive* seven or twenty-one years from today be able to run reviews of the work of Duke graduates? *Lie Down in Darkness* and *The Plantation* show what sort of results are latently possible. And literature that is to be published years from now is a university's concern. For quite a while now the trend has been toward poetry and criticism, short stories and

novels fostered in academic circles rather than in social groups or avant gard clans. It's just another kind of patronage, yes, but a healthy one if dealt with seriously by American educators.

As a matter of fact, the career of Ovid Williams Pierce illustrates this alliance of academy and artist. (Whether it is an alliance out of necessity or affinity is hard to say.) He was born in Weldon, North Carolina, the setting of *The Plantation*, and after he left Duke he went to Harvard for an M.A. degree. Then came four years in the service. After the war he taught four years at Southern Methodist University and is now on the English faculty at Tulane. His short stories, one of which is included in the Duke anthology of stories and verse *One and Twenty*, have appeared in the *Southwest Review* — significantly, a "little" magazine.

But of course no writer is altogether or even largely the product of university association or training; the talent and the will and the material belong to the man. Pierce as the serious, but serene-looking man on the cover-flap of *The Plantation* has behind his distinguished horn-rimmed glasses, eyes which must have observed keenly the countryside where he was raised, Northeastern Carolina, a feeling for which he has poured into his novel. This section is almost a little world of its own, a place of small towns and large farms, where the past is not a ferment as Faulkner saw it, but a coexistence and a reality, a source of love and pain. "I tried to make of *The Plantation*, in part, what my Father's generation meant to me as I looked back upon it as a child," says Mr. Pierce. Under his careful hand, the big old house, the web of plantation

roads under the summer sun, and the clusters of darky cabins within the grove take on a clarity which testify of true seeing and sensitive remembering. What is more, the tenderness and understanding with which he discovers each character and binds him to the others creates not a picture gallery of faces, but a handful of well-known hearts, touching feebly on other hearts and then shyly moving away.

First is Mr. Ed Ruffin, childless patriarch and last of a family of conscientious landowners. Bound to the land, to Time, and to the sickness of the land and of the women who depend on him to keep the farm going, Mr. Ed lives uncomplaining and continually alone, almost unknown to those nearest him until the day and the night of his lingering death. The few days before his funeral form the actual duration of the novel; but to his relatives and friends and the faithful darky Josephus, this short time is one of discovery and realization, of reliving and understanding the long past.

Josephus becomes the most eloquent spokesman of the love and the loneliness which lies in the transience of the past and in the isolation of the present. "Sometimes the discovery of people you had known all your life was enough to make you cry . . ." His slow and poignant monologues are full of insight into the life of Mr. Ed, who, deserted by his first love, never really found another; who had responsibilities to the land and to the women of the family he could never hope to fulfill.

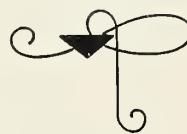
Another memorable character through whom the life of Mr. Ed and the plantation are revealed is Mr. Boone, the guileless and rather sensitive hired man. He was taken onto the plantation through the kindness of Mr. Ed, who secretly knew his own young wife, Miss Tempe, was kin to him. Mr. Boone understands the tragedy of the dying man almost as well as Josephus does. He too is acquainted with loneliness, and yet he does not complain. As an outsider he is able to see more objectively the fatality of Mr. Ed's death to the Ruffin clan and to recognize the need for a successor; but he too is enough involved in the spirit of

the plantation to know that no successor can bring back the feeling of the past.

Then there is Mr. Ed's sister Julia, who loved him, but left the plantation to keep from being a burden; and William, who has also left and now realizes remorsefully that he has let Ed bear his burden; and a host of now dead aunts, relations, people of the old plantation who "live within the shadows of recollections stronger than itself." The only link between them all and the only promise of youth in the family is the young son of Miss Tempe by her first husband: Billy, adopted by Mr. Ed and at the time of his step-father's death away at boarding school. At the end of the book Billy is awaited consciously only by Mr. Boone, the only one who is aware of his possibilities. But even if the boy does accept the burden of the land, the old plantation has passed away, the family is gone. Time has betrayed the dying generation.

If *The Plantation* seems to lack fire and dramatic conflict, it is because it is a book about love, not hatred; about understanding and recognition, not fierce action. That the supreme lyricism of the monologues sometimes tends to be monotonous cannot be denied; but since the book is after all meant to be a slow-reading and reflective one, the fault is not serious. Probably Mr. Pierce was so concerned to make clear the many poignant relationships and feelings in *The Plantation* that he repeated certain phrases ("then suddenly it came to him") more than necessary. Perhaps, too, if he had introduced fewer characters and developed Julia, Mr. Boone, and Miss Tempe more fully—possibly in dramatic terms—he would have had a more energetic book, although not necessarily a better one.

These are only possible criticisms. As it is, *The Plantation*—with its strict honesty, its compactness, its chastened style—is a novel which could well serve as a standard for future creative writing under the Duke literary impulse, if there is to be such a thing. *The Plantation* is a true flow of originality, tempered by the validity of experience and molded by a perceptible form. Very little more could be asked of a novel for it to be judged a good one.





THE MODERN DANCE

DANCE WAS the first art form to develop. Rhythm, which is basic to all living organisms, was a universal factor before man existed, and therefore, expression through rhythmic movement was a natural development for man. No instrument was needed except the body which man already possessed. Modern dance, which is a return to basic or primitive dance, is the important dance contribution of the century.

Modern dance is difficult to define. Its name, which is a misnomer, does not describe it; and any one definition fails to include its all

inclusive subject matter and technique. Walter Terry has said that the term modern dance ". . . designates a concept of dance rather than an academy, a dance tradition, or a crystallized technique. . . it is, in the main, expressional rather than virtuosic, spectacular, pantomimic, or decorative." The modern dancer does not follow a traditional technique; each dancer develops her own approach, and differs in her approach to each new dance.

The choreographer is concerned with humanity, and deals with all themes, his purpose being to express and to communicate his ideas on

these themes. The difference between the primitive dancer and the modern dancer is that the modern dancer treats these themes realistically, and the primitive dancer's treatment always involves the supernatural. Modern dancers, as primitive dancers, rely on fundamental or natural every-day body movements. The modern dancer, however, abstracts by discarding the literal movements and replacing them with movements that suggest the same actions. The final composition is a result of relating and unifying the abstracted movements into an organized whole.

This is accomplished by the use of certain devices such as body direction, eye focus, dimension or size

Photographs by DON ROSENKRANZ

of movement, level or position of the dancer in relation to the floor, varying qualities of movement, contour or the outline of the body in space, tempo, and rhythm. The qualities of movement are classified from swinging, swaying, sustained and suspended movements to staccato, vibratory and percussive movements.

These elements of movement were not consciously categorized until after Isadora Duncan made the break from the traditional ballet which held such a sway over the dance world throughout the 19th century. She is not considered the first American modern dancer, but her development of what she called the "free dance" led to what we now term "modern dance". She was responsible for freeing dance movement for contemporary dancers by discarding all conventions and traditions pertaining to the stereotyped movement and dance vocabularies of her day. She based her technique on a desire for personal expression through natural movement, and she was so individual in her technique that it could neither be copied nor taught. Her dancing was fluid and flowing, with natural, undistorted body lines. Her main source of inspiration came from the music of the masters. Her use of the classics was not sanctioned by musicians, but she explained her intentions by saying that she was not trying to "interpret" the music or to "visualize" it, but was using it as "the motor to make her soul function." Her primary contribution was her personal art form, and it wasn't until modern dance was well established that she became thought of as its originator in this country.

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn were the dancers that innovated the modern dance in America. Their careers began independently in the early years of this century, and are now continuing independently. They were linked, however, for many years through the Denishawn School of Dance and the Denishawn Dancers. Miss Ruth, as she came to

be known in the dance world, began her career in 1904 while playing in David Belasco's *DuBarry*. A picture of the goddess Isis on an ad for Egyptian cigarettes caught her imagination one day, and Miss Ruth immediately realized that the serene figure of the goddess symbolized her ideas of form, substance and quality

were the integrated ideas and philosophies of both artists. They established a technique which they felt was basic in the training of any dancer, and unlike Isadora, their technique was organized and definite enough to be passed down. It was a modified form of ballet danced in bare feet and included beats, eleva-



in dance. Ted Shawn was preparing for a profession in theology at the University of Denver when he contracted diphtheria. He was given an overdose of serum which left him partially paralyzed for over a year, and it was only through sheer determination that he recovered the use of his muscles. When he had fully regained his health, he began taking dance lessons, paying for them by taking any odd jobs that he could find.

In 1914 Mr. Shawn terminated a coast-to-coast tour in New York where he met and married Ruth St. Denis, and together they found the Denishawn School. The techniques, theory, and principles of the school

tions and turns, but nothing on points.

Shawn insisted that dancers should know all forms, styles and techniques. He brought in numerous teachers who gave instruction in various types of dance and in subjects that the individual directors considered pertinent to the art. As well as instruction in the Denishawn dance, classes were taught in Oriental dance, primitive dance, German modern dance, the Hawaiian hula, and Miss Ruth even taught classes in Yogi.

Ruth St. Denis was an extremely religious woman and much of her creative work stems from her spiritual inspiration and an effort to ex-

press religion through the dance. She was effected by the religions, cultures, and philosophies of all the countries she came into contact with. She was especially influenced by the Orientals, and based many of her compositions on their type of dance. Technical method was of little concern to her. Rather, she depended on her natural ability to move beautifully, improvise, and use stage effects. She was a lyrical dancer and her dances consisted mostly of plastiques and poses. She wore decorative costumes, manipulated scarves and draperies, and used lighting, color, and scenery to enhance her dances. She staged dances for churches and for small audiences composed of people who supported her Society of Spiritual Arts.

Shawn's style and creative work provided much for his pupils to build on. He developed a technique especially for male dancers, and has worked diligently to re-establish the original place of men in the dance profession. Whenever possible he



had music composed for the dances. In fact, he and St. Denis began the practice of working simultaneously with composers.

He based a great many of his dances on American thematic material, using the American Indian, the pioneer, the Negro, the Spanish conquistador, and the contemporary American seaman, farmer, laborer, politician and artist. Then too, like St. Denis, he had a fervent desire to express religion through the dance, and in 1917 he danced an entire service at the International Church in San Francisco. He founded the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival and the University of the Dance at Lee, Massachusetts, in 1930, where he is still director. He is considered one of the most well-informed people in the dance field today, and spends much

of his time traveling to gather material and to lecture on the dance.

The pupils of Denishawn who have made the most important contributions to American dance are Martha Graham, Charles Weidman, and Doris Humphrey. These three received training, danced in the company, and grew artistically until each, with desires to create in the light of their individual artistic convictions, left Denishawn and became the three revolutionists to begin a new era of dance in America.

Charles and Doris left Denishawn together in order to investigate and introduce new theories of dance. They worked and composed separately as well as jointly, allowing time for each to develop their individual ideas on basic principles of technique and choreography. Their professional association ended when Doris retired from stage performances. Not long after the separation she stopped dancing because of a rheumatic ailment, and she is now choreographing for other artists and teaching classes in fundamental composition.

Doris Humphrey's inevitable separation from Denishawn occurred when she was dismissed from the staff by Miss Ruth and Mr. Shawn because of her radical ideas on the basic principles underlying dance



choreography. She wanted to create a manner different from that of Denishawn. Because of her artistic and theoretical contributions to the dance, Doris has been called the most important figure in the field of American dance. She searched for the same thing for which her predecessors had searched—a way to express human experience through dance. But she was more successful than they had been, for she relied on nothing but human movement. She worked from the principles of fall and recovery or balance and unbalance, and came forth with a new form of movement motivation involving four elements: design, rhythm, dynamics, and drama or emotion. Her research was conducted before a mirror, and her discoveries were kinetic laws based on the principles of physics. She based her choreography on the movement impulse of people as governed by these laws. Her thematic material is concerned with social problems and the exaltation of the human heart. For example, her *Inquest* was a protest against certain economic inequities, and *The Shakers* was based on that sect's religious attitudes.

Charles Weidman was indebted to Shaw, who recognized and encouraged his abilities as a dance comedian. Charles, a serious, romantic youth, was more interested in dramatic dance, but came to realize that comedy was his particular genius. Since his Denishawn days he has been poking fun at the social weaknesses of man. His movements are choppy and abrupt with quick changes of rhythm, tempo and dynamics, but he handles them delicately and subtly. His subject matter and individual treatment of it are unique in the field of modern dance. Much of his thematic material is taken from his own life, as in *And Daddy Was a Fireman* and *On My Mother's Side*.

Martha Graham is one of the most controversial figures in the field of modern dance. Her technical approach was so revolutionary that her dances were called stark and gymnastic at first. She rebelled against soft legato movements and developed what she called "percussive movements". She eliminated all movements except those that were essential and sought to integrate movement within the realm of

action. She has no set system or general procedure that is applicable to either her technical or her creative work, yet her influence on the dance of today is of great importance. Her creative approach to the dance is based on the belief that new movements and actions result from each creative effect in accordance with—and out of the needs of—the choreographic idea.

Her thematic materials deal with psychological processes of human behavior, and the work she has produced are of universal and lasting concern. Her experimental nature has carried over into her style of production. She uses isolated pieces of *decor* and props in preference to the conventional types of scenery, and frequently uses stylized and sculpturesque objects. Her costume materials and designs also differ radically from those of Denishawn.

It was these three, Graham, Humphrey and Weidman that set the pace and the place of the dance in American culture as a recognized art form. They are often referred to as the first generation of modern dancers. Hanya Holm and Helen Tamiris are considered the creative revolutionists of the second generation. They had the solid historical assurance of the Wigman School of Modern Dance in Germany and the Graham-Humphrey-Weidman tradition in this country to back them up, and they went on from there.

Hanya Holm is of special interest because of her extensive influence as an educator. She is German-born and received training in dance at the Wigman School of Modern Dance, and training in music at the Dalcroze Institute. She was of the original Wigman group and co-director of the Wigman Institute in Dresden for ten years. In 1931 she came to New York and brought with her the discipline, analysis, and anatomical soundness of the scientific dance pedagogy of Central Europe. She directed the New York Wigman



Two Poems

by FRANCIS FIKE

The Coming Of The Night

Out in the dark, with the star-fires burning
Fierce and fast, the shadows turning
From grey to black, from black to grey
Struggle to keep the spirit of day.
But the spirit of day is dying, dying,
And with each cry from night-birds flying
The spirit gasps one more less breath
And soon is brought to the black of death.

Then night is the spirit who resides
Over the earth, and over the tides.
She comes from the east, and her garments, sewn
With sharpened needles the shadows own
Rustle softly, softly over the earth.
More shadows are born, and their silent birth
Quickens the night, and on swifter feet
She covers the earth with a black-spun sheet.

Now sleep all men, all beasts below,
While the murmuring rivers darkly flow
Down to sea, to the waiting sea.
How softly the night is covering me.
And yet I find it strange to think
That over the earth, and the seas that drink
These rivers murmuring by me now,
This night has sped, with silk-shod feet,
That where the trees and the dark skies meet
There in the east, short hours ago
The sun arose, as all men know.

Strange it is, that Night and Day
Once in the same, far cradle lay.

Rally Round The Clan, Boys

I.

Hey, nonny nonny, boys; make a joyful sound
For Eliot, for Marianne, for Archibald and Pound.
For they are poets nonny—none greater may be found.
So ring the cymbals louder, boys—
We'll have a jubilee,
And shout because the clan employs
The verse that makes you free.
Hey, nonny nonny, boys, have you all ever read
The spider webs by Cummings that he spins out of his
head?
If not you haven't lived, boys, and might just as well
be dead.
somewhere he has never travelled in
its there i wish he were
where spinning webs is sickly sin
and padded cells the cure

II.

I met a man upon the strand
And he was hot and worried.
I stopped awhile to chat and stand
Though I was very hurried.
I asked him if he'd tried their books
To heal his woe and woeful looks,
And did he not, like everyone
Observe the glory of their sun?
Oh, he had seen them, so he said,
And all their books he'd often read.
And then I asked why was he so
Perplexed and full of woe?
"Alas, quod he, the more I read
The more such reading do I need."
And did he not, I asked, derive
Something of empowered drive
From the buzzing of their hive?
"Alas, quod he, their poetry
Is not for me.
Tis such a great, great mystery!"

III.

So clang the cymbals louder, boys,
We'll make a jubilee,
And praise the poets and their toys
Of verse that makes you free . . .
(But is a great, great mystery.)

Angels Don't Die

by JOAN B. HILL

VALERIE was five and I was nine when Mommy died, but Valerie has always remembered the day. She tells me now that she still remembers that Tuesday because she and I were allowed to stay alone for the first time in the park down two streets from the house. We were living on thirty-fourth street then. I had bought two apples and we sat dangling our feet in the pond and eating our apples. I threw our cores across the pond when we finished. Then Val put her head in my lap and fell asleep. I got tired of staying in the same position and was glad when a balloon man came up in the middle of the afternoon, and I could get a balloon. Val wanted a red one. I told her I wanted a green one, and it was my money. She started crying, and I got the red one. She knew if she started crying I would get the one she wanted. Ever since Mommy got sick in the early part of the summer, the house had to stay quiet. I got to take care of Val, and Grandma would blame me if she yelled too loud or cried.

The sun had already gone down over the buildings when Grandma came running down the street, nearly falling into the big iron gate as she opened it. She saw us after a minute and started over, motioning with her hand.

"Howard, bring Valerie and come with me." She was frowning, and there were tear marks on her face. I had never seen Grandma cry before

then or look so worried, and I got scared. Val wouldn't let me have her hand and started crying again, so I gave her a tiny pinch on her arm to make her move. She got up and ran to Grandma who hid her in her red apron and bent over and kissed her head. Then we started crossing the street, one of us on each side of Grandma, and I watched Grandma as she looked for the cars. Her white hair was all fuzzy and was hanging down over her ears, and she had tears in her eyes. As her head moved a little bit the way it always did, the tears fell down on her nose. I got embarrassed and looked away and at our house. We crossed the last street and started up the steps to the house. Grandma held me very tight, and her hand shook. I looked up at her again.

"Why are you crying?" I asked softly.

"Hush, child. Wait until we get in the house, and I put your sister to bed."

"It's not my time to go to bed," Val whined, and she started to pull away from Grandma and run back down the steps.

"Child!" Grandma said.

"Val!" I said, feeling important because I was older than she was and didn't have to take a nap now.

We got inside and Grandma went into the living room. We followed. Val picked up her blue teddy bear and threw it at me. I threw it back at her and she fell and started crying again.

"I want to go to the park again," she screamed. Grandma picked her up on her lap and dried her face with her big red apron.

"Now, Valerie dear," she said in a quiet voice, "you stop crying and go upstairs and go to the bathroom for me like a good girl, and then we'll draw pictures on the black board." Val went up slowly, still sniffling and wiping her eyes.

Grandma came over and sat by me on the couch and took my hand in hers. I thought what she was going to tell me had something to do with Mommy then, because Grandma never acted this way towards me before. She started crying and wiped her eyes with her apron. The bottom of the apron was a darker red from where Val had cried on it.

"Is it Mommy?" I asked. "Is she dead?"

"No, no, child, hush. Don't talk like that. Don't ever think a thing like that. Your Mommy got very sick this afternoon and I had to call the doctor to come and take her to the hospital. The doctor said she would be home in a little while and everything would be all right. She said to tell you and Valerie that she said goodbye and for you to take good care of Valerie while she was away. Because you are older, Howard, I wanted to tell you before Valerie. She's still so young and won't understand."

"Yes, Grandma." I was glad she told me before Val. Val came down into the living room then and sat by Grandma. "Read to me, Grandma," she said as she put a book in front of her.

"All right, child. Only first I want to tell you something. Your Mommy had to go away to the hospital this afternoon. She said to tell you to take your naps every afternoon like a good girl and obey Howard when he tells you to do something."

Val looked embarrassed. She climb up in Grandma's lap and hid her face in her apron. "When is

Illustrated by SUSAN PATTON

Mommy coming home?"

"In a little while, Valerie. Now, why don't you let Howard read to you while I go fix dinner like a good girl." And Grandma went to the kitchen.

"We had fun in the park, didn't we, Val. Want to go again tomorrow? I think Grandma will let us because she will be very busy."

"Yes."

She was thinking about Mommy I knew, because she just sat there and looked at the pictures and didn't say anything. I hated for her to be quiet like that because she was almost always so happy and always bouncing around doing something. Sometimes I got mad at her and we fought, but I never saw her really sad. I told her Mommy would be back in time to get her ready for kindergarten and what fun we would have walking together every morning to school, and now that she went for a whole day how we could walk home together too. I read to her until dinner was ready. She didn't feel as bad then. She cried when Grandma said she should get undressed before she ate, because it was late and she could go right to bed afterwards. She always cried to get what she wanted and Grandma and Mommy hated to hear her cry so they just did everything the way she liked them to. Grandma said she

didn't need to get undressed before dinner if she went right up afterwards.

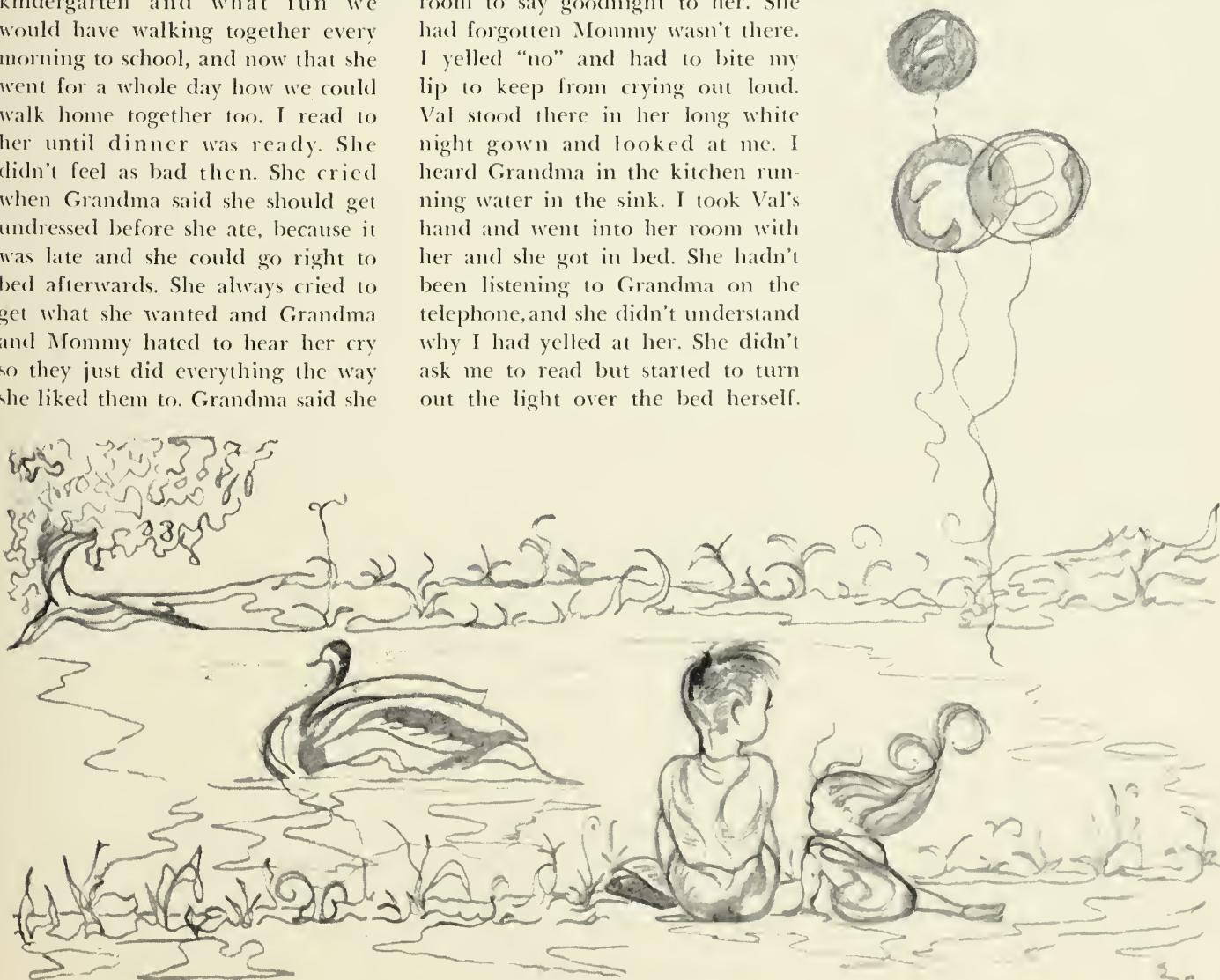
All summer it was my job to put Val to bed. She always went for me right after I had read to her. So after dinner we went up and I got Val undressed. I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth when Grandma got a call from the hospital. The door to the bathroom was open, and I heard Grandma over the phone cry and say "she can't be dead." I looked at Val. She was holding her tooth brush up to the mirror. I remembered what I had told her about Mommy coming back soon and I felt all full inside and I hurt, and I didn't want to go down stairs because I was scared to see Grandma. Val finished and she started to go into Mommy's room to say goodnight to her. She had forgotten Mommy wasn't there. I yelled "no" and had to bite my lip to keep from crying out loud. Val stood there in her long white night gown and looked at me. I heard Grandma in the kitchen running water in the sink. I took Val's hand and went into her room with her and she got in bed. She hadn't been listening to Grandma on the telephone, and she didn't understand why I had yelled at her. She didn't ask me to read but started to turn out the light over the bed herself.

I gave her a doll and kissed her good night and put the light out.

"Grandma will be up in a minute to say good night. I didn't mean to yell at you. You're a good girl." She said good night to me and I shut the door.

In the hall it was dark and I sat on the top step, wondering if Grandma knew that I heard her talking on the telephone. The water had stopped running in the sink and Grandma was in the living room. I went down the stairs and stood in the doorway. She was sitting in the old grey chair next to the fire place with her head down until she heard me.

"Howard, child, you're crying!" I ran over to her and she held me. Her apron was all dark and light red spotted.



"Mommy died in the hospital, didn't she?"

"Howard, where is Valerie? Did she go to bed?" I shook my head yes in her apron.

"Howard, your Mommy passed on to Heaven tonight, and God will take good care of her."

She rocked me and talked to me for a little while and then went up to see Val. I lay down on the couch and listened to Grandma. She sang the lullaby she always used to sing to me when I was littler. Grandma came down soon. She took her apron off and put it on the chair.

"Howard, come over here." She looked pretty with her white hair under the lamp and the gold chain she wore around her neck. "You are nine now, and Valerie is only five. You have known Mommy longer than Valerie has, you have also known how sick your Mommy was this summer. You are so much older than your little sister, Howard. When I went to Valerie's room just now, she was almost asleep, and she looked like the smallest, youngest baby." Grandma's tears fell on my hand and they were warm. I wasn't crying.

"Does Val know that Mommy died tonight, Grandma?"

"She knows her Mommy went to visit the angels for a little while. Valerie is a baby, child." She sat there with my hands in her lap for a long while. I remember I couldn't look at her, and I sat watching the day get darker and darker over the house next door. I didn't realize I would never see Mommy again then, because I hadn't seen her much in the summer. She had been off from Grandma and Val and me. We went to her room in the morning and at night before we each went to bed, but the doctor told Grandma that she needed a lot of rest and quiet. I never knew what was the matter with Mommy. I don't think Grandma ever knew.

I was nearly asleep when Grandma moved. "You will help me take care of Valerie, Howard, won't you?"

She is so close to you and obeys you and loves you so much." I looked up at her and said "yes."

I felt numb going upstairs to the room which was mine and Val's. My foot was asleep from sitting so long and I was helping Grandma a little. She slept in Mommy's room on a cot.

Mommy's friends came to the house to bring flowers and say they were sorry. They talked in low voices. Val told them that Mommy was away and she would be back when the summer was over and kindergarten started. The curtains in the living room were shut and the house was very dark and quiet. And the smell of flowers was all in the house. It reminded me of when Daddy died, but Val was a baby then and didn't remember anything. Val took her toys from the living room and the porch up to her room and played there instead of down stairs. She never said anything about how the house changed, except she wondered why her room smelled of flowers when there were no flowers up there. I played there too. We only went out of her room for dinner and breakfast and lunch, except one afternoon we went to the corner to buy some medicine for Grandma and we walked back in the rain. I read to Val most of the time, and Grandma came in some of the time and sat with us. Grandma had black on and she had taken her gold chain off.

On the Friday morning before the funeral Grandma asked me if I wanted to take Valerie to the park for a while in the afternoon. "She hasn't looked too well these past few days, and the fresh air will help her. It's a shame it's rained."

When I told Val that we were going to the park and she could get a balloon she was happy. We went after lunch. It was a sunny day and as soon as we got out of the house Val was different. She ran ahead of me and shouted for me to hurry. I walked slowly until Val got to the corner and then I had to run so she

wouldn't cross the street without me. I had bought a rubber ball and in the park we played. It finally fell in the boat pond and I had to wade in after it. Val sat on the grass and I was so glad we had come. Three days ago I remembered I had said we would. The balloon man came by again and I got her two red balloons. She sat holding one of them in each hand. Her hair was long and it looked white in the sun. She looked like a doll she had with long hair and a pink dress on.

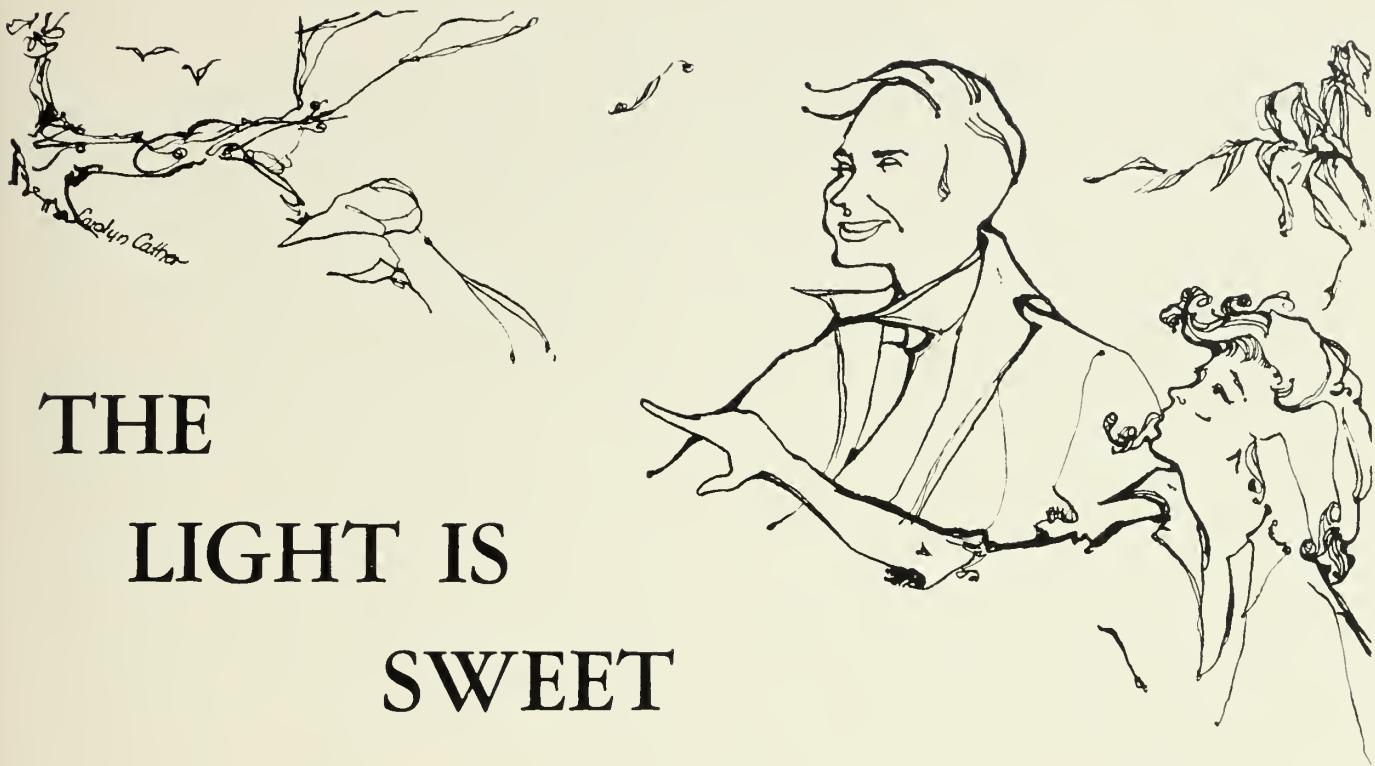
"Tell me a story," Val said. She moved, and as she was fixing her dress so she could lie down, she let go of the balloon in her left hand and it flew away. She looked at it and was about to cry, and I said she could have another one when the man came around. She lay on her stomach with her arms propped up and her feet in the air.

"Tell me a story about the birds swimming over there."

"Once upon a time there lived a beautiful lady with hair like yours. She was an angel, and wherever she went she rode on a big white swan. It had silver bells around its neck that made a tinkling sound. The angel rode all the time and went to visit many people—Grandma and Aunt Julie and Uncle Howard. And when she got tired she went to sleep on the swan and he put his wings around her to keep her warm. She is resting now because I have seen her, and she will come to visit your Grandma and a girl just like you in a little while."

Val started to get up and she let go of the other red balloon. It drifted over the lake and floated in the middle of it. "Does Mommy ride on birds?" she asked. Tears were coming out of her eyes. "Where is my Mommy?" I took her hand and we walked back to the house. I dried her tears on my handkerchief and she blew her nose. It was still so light and bright out doors, because when we got in the house we couldn't see anything. Grandma was

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THE LIGHT IS SWEET

by MOLLY MEFFERT

KAREN sat close to the window of the car as her mother slowly turned out towards the lane. Her eyes were wet, and, in the cold greyness of early morning, the house looked wobbly and the bare trees streamed together.

Now had all begun so long ago—sometime after her father had swung her up close to him and then had jumped on the train with his khaki bag. She and Mike and her mother had stood beside the track watching till they could see only a faraway puff of smoke and a dark blur.

They had gone back to the house then, and all that was left of him was his pipe in the sun room and his old checked shirt hanging alone in the closet.

Sometimes Karen would steal into the closet and feel the roughness of the shirt. She would press it against her face and remember. He had taken her hunting with him, and they had tramped through the woods, Karen skipping because her legs were short.

"Can you walk like an Indian?" he had asked, showing her how.

But the leaves had still crackled under her toes.

He had taught her to shoot his gun. They had practiced with bottles down by the pond. But Karen

had shot a bird only once. It had been flying straight toward a high tree, and then suddenly it had smacked onto the earth. When she picked it up, it had been warm but dead.

In the fall when the wind rolled across the top of the hill, they would sit up there watching the ripples chase each other across the pond. It seemed as if she remembered him best sitting there in his checked shirt with his legs stretched out and smoke climbing up from his pipe.

Mike and her mother would meet them at the door when they came back, but they never talked much about their Saturday afternoons; they were a special secret.

Once after he had gone, her mother had found her in the closet and had gathered her close in her arms.

"Honey, come on into the kitchen and help me bake some cookies."

"Leave me alone," Karen had cried, twisting free and running away.

She had him and the pond and the hill.

Each time she saw the postman's grey car stop beside the mailbox, she ran out to meet him. At first there would usually be a letter, and she and Mike would settle around the kitchen table while her mother read it.

Illustrated by CAROLYN CATHER

THE LIGHT IS SWEET

"We're out on bivouac in the hills," the letter read. "We'll probably be here two weeks. After that, no one knows. Hope I can see you again at Christmas. I miss you all."

But Christmas had come, and New Year's, and then the envelopes were filled with strange stamps.

"It's foggy," he wrote, "not like the fog that settles in the draw, but a thick, sticky fog that never seems to let up. At night you can just hear the drone of the planes and see the flames dart up when they've hit something."

How wonderful to be over there and yet how awful. She wondered if she would be afraid. He wasn't. At night in her room, if she listened carefully, she could hear the sound of bombers as they flew low, and she could see him crouched down, listening too.

During late winter when the snow piled high around the door steps and the sun glinted on the brightness of it, Karen would stand at the window watching for the grey car to come creeping along the road. Sometimes it stopped; usually it didn't.

When the snows were over, and the earth was hard and bare under her feet, she would run quickly from the school bus and burst in through the kitchen door in hopes of finding a letter. It seemed as if she had always been hurrying and waiting. Hurrying to grow big enough for a bicycle or for school; then waiting for the days and weeks to go by until Saturday or Christmas or summer. Sitting impatiently for the school bus to round the curve and stop; then rushing out to the mailbox. Hurrying and waiting.

When a letter came after four weeks, it said, "We've moved camp again. The work is tightening up." Just a few words.

The vine had turned green by the kitchen window, and two months went by. France had been invaded.

"They left me over here," he wrote. "The rest of the outfit is somewhere in France. I'm working at a desk."

She wondered what his desk was like. Secret papers, secret plans spread out before him. She made a game of her arithmetic. The odd numbers were Germans, and he was the evens. The odds messed her papers, but the evens were full, and perfect, and took their places neatly.

The farm at Lewiston where Grandma Hall lived had a white house poked full of windows and wide doors. Karen could see past the red barn and out over the fields from the kitchen steps. Flatness beyond her. She could not look down from her hill; she could only see the level fields stretching farther and farther away. Under the trees, the grass was thick and long, and she

would pat it down and watch it spring back between her fingers. The pump had a squeaky handle, and she had to push it with all her body before the first few drops would trickle into the dipper. The east garden was filled with clean rows of beets and cabbages, and the raspberry bushes grew in a thorny hedge around it. There were black ones that left seeds stuck in her teeth and soft red ones.

One day she had come running in the wide door with her pig tails flying and her mouth pink and sweet from the berries to find her mother hunched up at the table with Grandma Hall. Her mother's eyes were red and shiny, and the two women had looked up at her without saying anything. Karen had stopped at the cook stove, not knowing whether to stay or to go.

Later, as she sat day-dreaming in the porch swing, she had heard her mother say, "It isn't fair. Doesn't he realize what will happen to Mike and Karen?" and Grandma Hall making low, comforting sounds. Puzzled, Karen had tip-toed to the door, but they had said no more.

Again, when they came home, she waited for the grey car. Sometimes her mother would read only bits of the letters that came and then put them neatly with the others.

Karen learned to knit that fall, and while her mother got supper, she would pull up a chair and work on a khaki sweater. She would watch her mother's hands go from cupboard to stove. They were slender and quick and went straight to what she wanted. The bare light in the ceiling shone down on them, and they were like small, white birds darting about the kitchen. The rest of her mother was like her hands. Slender and quick. She had wide-set grey eyes and silky blonde hair that curled softly against her neck. She didn't go to women's meetings like most mothers; she was always there when Mike and Karen came home.

Karen didn't go to the pond much anymore. It seemed empty and waiting, too. But fall stayed long, and she couldn't resist it.

As she climbed the hill one late afternoon, the wind sent the dead leaves whirling through the woods, and the trees swayed away from her. The thick, dark streaks in the sky were slowly blotting out the pink tinge over the pond, and soon it was gone. It was dark then, and faraway lights were beginning to dot the valley. She leaned back against a tree, watching the lights and listening to the leaves whirl. It was as if she were in an invisible box with no opening. She could see and hear but not move. She was in the darkness and the hill and the whirling but not part of them. She was alone on the hill, and to reach the lights, she

MOLLY MEFFERT

must move, but she could not. The wind rushed by without touching her and the lights blinked at her, but the box held her back.

Then a bright patch shone up through the trees from the kitchen window. She watched it for a long while. The light was framed with black, and the tree branches criss-crossed in front of it. It seemed to be coming closer and gradually she could feel it melt away the box in spite of the cold wind. She shivered and shook her head and then walked slowly down the long hill towards home.

When her father came home the next August, it was hot. The sun poured in through the south windows and withered the plants. The sidewalk burned her feet, and the sticky air hung close at night.

Her mother drew Mike back under the awning of the train station while they waited for him. Their clothes clung to them, and if a breeze came around the corner, it only made them hotter.

When the train groaned to a stop, a pair of black hands below white threw off a khaki bag, and soon they saw khaki pants come down the steps. Karen's feet stuck tight for a minute, and then she was racing with Mike in the bright sunlight across to where he stood.

In the days that followed, she watched him carefully. He was straight and thin now, with short, stiff hair, and the lines were deep by his mouth and eyes. He never said much about when he was gone except what he had written: the fog, the planes, his desk. Karen stopped asking him.

The checked shirt was no longer alone in the closet.

It was nearly hidden by khaki shirts and khaki pants and a khaki coat.

When she set the table, she would take down three plates and then remember: there were four again.

"Let's go to the hill," she said one day.

"Not now, Karen. It's too hot. Why don't you and Mike go down to the pond for a while?"

He was home again, but she couldn't find him.

When school started, sometimes she and Mike would come in to find the house quiet, his face hard and set, and her mother alone in the kitchen.

This wasn't like her arithmetic. Now it was the odd numbers that were full and perfect, and the even spread them far apart. Maybe, she thought, it's only certain kinds of odd numbers or evens. Or maybe it isn't just odds or just evens at all; it's what they add up to be.

Sometimes late at night, she would lie in the four-poster bed with her hands clenched tightly, listening to their voices downstairs. Only sounds got past the closed stairway door and into her room; their meanings were shut out in the darkness. The sounds rushed faster and louder around her room. They covered her bed and spread into her closet. They piled up in layers. They were still there the next morning.

And now she and Mike and her mother were on their way to Lewiston. She looked again towards the house. It was still wobbly. One house, one pond, one hill, one man, and the three of them together in a car. Four ones no longer added up to four. There was only one. And three bunched together.

THE END

After a time when man has gone away
And left the ruins of his work behind;
After a time when breezes blow the leaves
To fall alone on silent streets and walks,
And rains wet down the dusty city walls
Where once inside a singing people moved;
After the evening fog invades the place
Where warmth once made its home and now is gone,
And grasses take the walls to be their field
And grow unchecked toward the sun and life,
I'll walk alone amid the silent stone
And watch a bird outlined against the sky.

—William Neale



THE ARCHIVE

eye on the medal

by DON MARTIN

GARLAND stood up slowly feeling the muscles in his thighs. Resilient, coiling snakes. How many times had they lifted him off of benches such as this? The room was cluttered with equipment and a subdued clamor. Garland looked around as he pulled his canvas pants up over his thin legs. Pasty white buttocks and shaved ankles. Over in the corner Harry Babineau was dispensing rubbing alcohol mixed with wintergreen. The odor perfumed the room. Garland looked for his shoes, whitestockinged feet firm against the pitted cement floor. The Prologue: jangling lockers, ashen pimply backs, urine-yellow walls. Off we go into the wild blue. . . Garland jerked his belt tight through the two silver rings and gazed at the snuff-colored underwear dragging on the bench. Optimistic strength flooded through him as he sucked in his stomach, arched shoulders against the soft roughness of his pads. Pulling in his stomach was some quality of reac-

tion within him; it gave to his consciousness of existence. Today, in some unstated way, he had to be good. A lance point of grey light came through the dusty panes of the single window. Coach Bohrer talked intently with the centers and Harry ambled down the crowded, hairy aisles exuding wintergreen and adhesive tape, his pudgy form grouped like a pear. Whenever Harry swore, it was in a fishlike fashion. The integrated inside picture. Garland moved towards the door, routing shadows as he passed, the heroic clatter of cleats marking the athlete.

A green slope stretched down to the field. Garland trotted down the path feeling the muscles loosen in his thin legs, conscious of the cool sun that makes a paradise in late October. Down, down, down to the short, thick-growing grass of the long field. Garland looked upwards, the tops of the trees came sharp against the blue of the sky. A great stretch of pasture land rounded the bowl of the field to the eastward, and there were all the thick-scattered grey rocks that kept their places.

The thin sweet pasturage fringed the ledges and made soft hollows and strips of green turf like growing velvet. The air was very sweet.

Garland stood inside the twenty and waited for the high, wobbly punts. They always hung on the blue of the sky. He thought of the world as a background. The day, cloudless and cool, as if the sun were screened by an invisible film of water, and the energy of heat transformed into a sharper clarity. The field seemed lacquered with light, the clarity of crystal over everything. It will remain forever. Underfoot the treasured carpet covered by thick, homemade rugs. Garland's feet cut and dug the turf as he caught the punts in his widespread fingers and clutched the ball to his body, twisting away from the ends coming down. The pungent smell of cleatraped sod and bruised onions. The sonofabitch doesn't get his foot in the ball we'll be ass backwards all day.

The people hurrying into the stands made a blend of figures, changing, yet frieze-like. The stands

Illustrated by CAROLYN CATHER



EYE ON THE MEDAL

were almost full, the golden rays of the sun catching the bright spears of color. Fathers Day. In the stands round shiny bald heads glowed with the vapor of decoration. The heads blinked in the sun and swore fretfully at the glare from the white sheets of their programs. Garland could feel their eyes on him, following him as he caught the quivering kicks, his thin legs thrusting him forward and to the side deceptively. But he knew they were watching the other boys, their sons in orange and black, because he was just another of the visiting team to be beaten and bruised.

Garland wished his father were in the stands watching him. His father had never watched him play. Somehow he was always miles away. But Dad had every clipping dated and pasted in the big red leather scrapbook, and every once in a while he and Mother would go over them, and the next day he would tell all his friends at work about his son and football.

The ball bounced and angled sharply off in front of him, but Garland controlled it on the second bounce, his fingers spread and relaxed. That was something he had learned a long time ago. Always keep your fingers spread and your hands near your body until the last second. That way they remain loose and not tense and awkward. It hadn't taken him long to learn that, just one afternoon. He had come home from school crying. He hadn't meant to cry; he thought he was all over dropping the pass and being called butterfingers by the girl cheerleaders. But somehow, getting near his own yard, the tears welled up in his eyes, and he had run and hide in the garage, cursing the football he had rolled over and over in his hands. When his father came home, he was embarrassed to tell him about the game, but it all came tumbling out about dropping the pass and everything. Garland re-

membered his Dad's going out in the back yard and passing the ball with him, telling him to spread his fingers and catch the ball in his hands before bringing it to his body. They had gone out into the back yard every evening that week. It was a year later that he found out his father had never played football.

His father never knew what it was like suddenly to run on the field before the noise and color of the crowd. To stand at one end of the field waiting for the kick-off, body leaning against the sky. To stand, loose, hands hanging by your side, palms moist. To feel your shoulder blades drawn tight together, the curve of your neck, and weight of the blood in your hands. To feel the wind behind you, in the hollow of your spine.

Coach Bohrer called him over to the bench. As he trotted to the sidelines, Garland focused, for a brief moment, on the multitude of faces. He wished his father were here. He wasn't one of those small fat men who snore in a stuttering fashion. But his father wouldn't be comfortable in the stands. His father looked like the decadent, the over-perfected product of a long line of exquisite breeding. It was as if all his flesh and muscles had been bred away. Somehow his old man always conveyed an impression of hardness. This hint was all he needed. He was like an expensive piece of steel yet under the consummate elegance burned the desire for the medal. It was an honest deception.

"You're game captain for today; the boys elected you in the locker room after you left." About the whole face and figure of Coach Bohrer there was a granite dignity, so that every motion seemed an impossible thing. Once at rest, it seemed he would be stone, would never move again. His thoughts, like steps, were slow and certain. Once made, no step could ever be retraced; once headed in a

direction, the path would never bend, nor the pace increase, nor slow. When anyone neared him, his body stiffened, and he dragged his heels a little. Coach Bohrer's eyes had never lost their sternness and looked wonderingly into a fire.

"You'll have to run into the line most of the time. Jackson can take care of himself. And sweep the ends occasionally. You can't do much more, the J.V.'s don't know the plays."

Coach Bohrer got up stiffly and walked away. There was a faint stain on one knee where he had been kneeling. Garland moved towards the bench and sat down, his thin legs smaller out in the open. Team captain, that's a Goddamn joke. They didn't know that he could not get along with boys, that he could never get along with boys.

The whole thing is a Goddamn joke. The long trip up here. And the school. Darius. Albany Road. Wearing coats and ties and saying goodmorningsir, and if you didn't say goodmorningsir they took your temperature. Always your eye on the medal. Perpetual devotion to being good. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with. And when he had gone home after the first year, his father had called him son. He had never called him son before. It had always been Garland before coming home from Darius. His old man had been proud of him. His grades had improved after the miserable start. And he had gotten the school's athletic award. Thirteen touchdowns and nine extra points his freshman year on the midgets. Eighty-seven points, a school record for any class. The Head was proud of him too. Even put his arms around my shoulders and mumbled something about varsity. That was a joke. It was after the first evening meeting of school this year that varsity coach Haviland had stopped him on Albany Road and asked his weight. ToobadGarland. We could-

DON MARTIN

have used you. Too bad. He had felt like crying. All that he had wanted and worked for, hoped for, gone because of a few pounds. Pounds for glory, that was a new twist. He had kept on walking down Albany Road and across the lower level to the bank of the Pocumtuck. The river was so still he seemed to have entered a land from which the very memory of motion had departed. All the stars were out above the intense blackness of the earth, and the river reflected back an oval patch of night sky flung down into the hopelessness of it all. Now he would never fit in. Keep your eye on the medal. We are of a people who take what we want. It was as though there had been nothing left in the world but the glitter of stars streaming through the black stillness of night.

We Sit Alone

We sit alone inside
Our empty boxes
Laughing at the broken wind,
Above, beyond and all around
A visitor
Without a sound.
Reflection or reality?
Even in the dusty corners
Of a vacant room
One must decide;
Decisions of the blind,
Visions without sight,
Half answered questions
In a restless night.

When evening
And polished statutes
In the cool park
Hold cities,
Curving light and quiet shadows
On the dull ground,
Stand still;
Consider carefully the faces
On foggy walls
And solitary places,
Remember daylight
And the question:
Together or alone?

—William Neale

Two squat officials nodded to Bohrer, and Garland stood up slowly and advanced to the center of the field between them. The glint of the coin like the two silver rings on his pants. Garland could feel the strength welling up from his legs and into his stomach. He chose the goal with the wind and returned to the bench. Bohrer stood in the center of the green jerseys giving last minute instructions; Harry, with his grinning, porcine face, slapped backs.

"You're the boy, Garland. You're the boy."

Garland moved out onto the field. What was it Mr. Schell had said after he had drawn his gear from the equipment room? Best Goddamn tailback the school ever had. Garland could imagine the look on Mr. Schell's face if he had known he had overheard him. Devotion to the medal. This was it. The last game. The last time he would ever take the field. Garland stood down on the seven yard line. *The left half will always stand between the five and ten yard lines, on the kick-off.* He knew that the afternoon ahead would be rough. There was a defense to be solved and a plan of action to be prepared. He knew that he should think about it. He knew also that he would not think, because everything was clear to him already, because the plan had been set a long time ago. The world seemed suspended in space, an island floating on nothing. The earth seemed anchored to his feet. He could smell the grass and the onions. He would have laughed at the things that had happened to him, but he had to urinate.

The kick was low and end over end into the hesitant arms of Jackson. Garland sent him twice into the center of the line, then tried to sweep the end. Palmer punted, the ball slicing off his foot and going out of bounds on the forty-three. The J.V.'s tried to hold them, but

the orange and black were big and faster. The way the holes opened in the line. Big, wide holes that the secondary could not plug up. Garland knew what it was like to be hit. You thought of dark rooms and ceilings licked by fire, you saw peaks of towers lit against the sky, and all the time you hurt. The poor bastards. You were all right if you could hit harder. But Palmer and Norac and Redfield didn't have it. He wished he could charge into the maze of twisting, hurting bodies. To help, but he couldn't. He could only stand rooted to the ground, waiting for them to break through, then tackling with their weight and momentum jarring pain into him. *The safety man will remain in a fixed position and never commit himself until the last possible instant.* There was an awning of dust over the field. Garland could no longer feel anything in his left hand. Twice their full had broken through and rammed his middle finger straight back into his wrist. Garland could pull the finger and feel the bones rub the wrong way.

The half ended with a horn and one of the squat officials picked up the ball. Garland watched Redfield push himself to his feet and limp off the field. Coach Bohrer stood motionless and silent. The stain on his knee was more noticeable. In the locker room the boys sprawled on the cement floor, their bodies steaming the panes of the single window. Garland sucked on an orange half, blowing the seeds at the drain on the floor. Coach Bohrer smoked a cigarette, and Harry moved around replenishing tape and smelling of wintergreen and oranges and adhesive. No one said anything. Garland pulled on his finger, feeling the bones scrape against each other. Goddamn the Head. Successful athletic relationships. His wet pads felt cold and slimy against his skin.

All through the Pocumtuck foot

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THE EARLY morning was thick and fuming with white fog when Mary came up the wet concrete driveway and onto the back lawn of the tall Branch Street house. She always came on Tuesdays like this, looking down at her shoetops and tucking a brown paper bag under her arm. And always she came at seven. But this morning her face was tense, and she was hurrying across the sodden grass as though she were afraid of making footprints. This morning she was going to be nearly fifteen minutes late. She paused an instant by the arbor to wipe her eyes, then shook her head and

shaping beyond the house-pebbled edges of town. As for now, the silence was awesome and uncertain. All that Mary could hear were the sounds of an unborn morning stretched under a blanket of fog, and only the worried bark of a dog somewhere and the paper boy's thin whistling sprinkled through.

Even the sharp echo of her own steps as she crossed onto the sidewalk startled her. Unconsciously she stiffened into a tiptoe and glanced up at the windows. They looked back, reticent. The whole row of houses looked altogether undisturbed among trim boxwoods, nesting

The Smell of a Rose

by ELINOR DIVINE

hunched the bundle more securely under her arm. For Mary, being late at the Iresons' house like this was worse than being late to church—especially since in church she sat by herself on the back row and nobody paid any attention when she came in. Like going to the movies. No one saw her come in. But here she felt as if all the sleeping people in the neighborhood might suddenly wake up and listen to her footfalls thumping across the garden as they lay in their beds. She could almost see the people frown and spin their gold-lettered clocks around to see what time it was—then sigh back into the sheets with the safe knowledge that they could sleep some more.

People who lived on Branch Street didn't have to get up early like those who lived where Mary lived. Here the car engines didn't start up until much later, when the fog had already lifted from the streets and ladies standing at their bedroom windows could see pale mountains

behind their shuttered white fronts all the warmth of soft sheets, rose-colored drapery, and comfortable loving care.

Or so it seemed to Mary. Because down in Gibsontown where she lived, you could see straight into the houses. The air by this time was already stinging with the whine of screen doors and of empty dishpans banging. Already hillbilly music would be jangling over the radios, and in the streets the children's roller skates would go rasping up and down the hollow pavements.

Mary shuddered. This had been a terrible morning. Even now, away from the noise, she felt a little shaky and seemed to hear things in the silence that were only in the loudness of her ears. Things like the racket that went on in the other side of the house where the people named Gentry lived, and the sobbing and hiccuping that she had heard this morning. And if she closed her eyes she knew she would see a girl's round face all tear-streak-

ed and lost-looking—Hazel Gentry's face. She shook her head and did not close her eyes. That was the sort of thing that went on in the other side of her house. Family troubles. They had family troubles next door, bad. Once before in the middle of the night she had seen light through the cracks in the walls and heard them stomping around in there so hard that the floor of the whole house trembled. Then again this morning—the trembling. It scared her for the house to shake so. In Gibsontown all the houses along the snaggled row looked unsteady, perching as they did on skinny red brick stilts. She was always scared they might fall down. From outside you could see the ground underneath them where the kids dug in the dirt with old coffee cans. The stilts were crumbling and the floors were wobbly and the voices of the people next door upset her inside. She wished the house wouldn't shake. She wished the other side of the house weren't so full of terrible noise and crying—and she wished she weren't alone.

That morning wouldn't have been so bad if there had been someone there to tell her what to do, beside her or behind her or somewhere near; because she had begun the day feeling lighter than usual, even humming a little. At six-thirty she was at the sink washing her cereal bowl, musing as the water ran over the rim in clear braids. She felt a pleasant fluttering inside simply because today was Tuesday, and it was time for her work at the Iresons' again. Mrs. Ireson wore a shiny pink robe in the mornings, and her husband was the finest looking man in the world. He was a fine young lawyer with black hair and heavy, handsome eyebrows, and sometimes Mary rather fancied that her Paul favored him a little.

Tall, lazy, and arms tight in rolled up shirt sleeves—oh, that was Paul. But Mr. Ireson didn't treat his wife like Paul treated her. Lydia, he called her, and he treated her

like a queen. A pity they had no baby. But it was a marvel how polite they were to each other and never hollered the way they did in Gibsontown. Sometimes when his Lydia had turned her back, fixing breakfast at the stove, Mary liked to pretend—although she wouldn't have told a soul—that Mr. Ireson was really Paul and that he was looking at *her* in that tender-eyed way of his as she went through the kitchen for the broom. Sometimes (only not so lately, come to think of it) Mrs. Ireson would turn around and give him a secret smile. Then instead of talking out loud, their eyes would say things to each other because of Mary's being in the room. But now if that sort of thing started going on, Mary soon would duck her head away, and sidle past them with the broom, and leave them to a breakfast by themselves.

One thing, though—Mrs. Ireson couldn't cook breakfast very well. Instead she did clever things with Art. Sometimes she didn't even come down in the mornings, and Mary had to make some coffee for her husband, who then was silent, distant and no longer tender-eyed. Later, as he was about to leave, they would hear his wife's fur bedroom shoes go clumping on the stairs. Then her face would peek in fleetingly at the kitchen door. She was painting today, she would softly say, and would Mary bring her coffee into the sunroom in a while? Then she would speak very politely to Mr. Ireson and with a swish of silk, disappear.

Those moments often made Mary blush and hardly know why. For once she would be glad when Mr. Ireson left, for the way he frowned and let a lock of hair fall over his forehead when he put on his coat reminded her even more of Paul—but of Paul in a way she would rather not remember—of Paul when he was drinking.

So she would wait a while after the door shut before preparing a



Illustrated by NEIL ANDON

THE SMELL OF A ROSE

tray of toast and coffee to go into the sunroom. It was a cluttered place, smelling of tangy turpentine. If Mrs. Ireson hadn't yet begun to paint, Mary liked to move about the room peering at all the pictures that were leaning against the wall or sticking on long-legged easels. Most of them looked as noisy and loud as morning in Gibsontown, and Mary didn't take to them very much. But there was one—a pretty one framed under glass on the wall, a picture of a lady and a baby. She was a soft-looking lady in blue, whose neck was ever so gently curved; and the baby lying in her arms was as fresh and pink as the bud of a new spring rose. Flowers were twining all around them and glowed in a light that was warm and full of comfort.

"And did you paint that one too?" she had finally asked Mrs. Ireson one day.

"Goodness, no," was the answer, "my husband bought that. It's just a print."

Anyway Mary fancied the picture. Sometimes when she was by herself she would stand underneath it with her arms clasped close together, wondering how she would look draped in blue like that with a baby beside her. Once she had found something just the right color while putting away the ironing. She had found a thin blue tablecloth. At last when Mrs. Ireson had gone out shopping, she stood before the living room mirror, folding it smoothly over her head, and beneath her chin loosely gathering the edges. She had smiled as sweetly as she could and looked at herself in the mirror. But the girl that looked back at her was smiling sadly.

Then Mary knew again that she didn't really believe in miracles. She knew it whenever she heard the noise of Gibsontown, and now she knew it as she looked into the mirror. The light wasn't right, and she didn't have enough color in her cheeks, and of course the baby was

missing. Maybe if her cheeks had been red and her mouth been firm and shiny, or even if there had been a baby—well, maybe Paul would still be there in the shaky house nights, and she wouldn't mind the noise or the crooked light shining through the walls.

And this morning, if only he had been there this morning when the noise came louder and louder through the thin walls of her kitchen and made her forget the house on Branch Street and the beautiful picture. The floor trembled under her feet and then she heard the crying again. That awful sobbing, not loud, but muffled and constant, as if it were someone who had been left behind or had a door shut on them. Sometimes it came from under the house or beneath a certain window. Now it was nearer—on the door stoop. Mary leaned out slowly from where she stood at the sink, half-afraid of really seeing someone. There was a thumping in her chest. Through the open door she saw the white light of the morning and then through the screen she saw Hazel and Hazel saw her. The girl was about twelve and had bony knees and a face that still had a child's features. Mary was very close to her now, they could see each other's eyes. Mary couldn't stand to see her cry. She felt a shakiness inside and a pumping in her own throat, and she stiffened. Hazel hung her head when she noticed Mary staring at her.

"I can't help it," she said. "I don't know how to stop."

They heard the furniture in the other room knocking around again, and both of them flinched. Mary knew what it was—her father had come home drunk again. They could hear him cursing, and the mother bawling bad names back at him. The floor shook, and Mary wanted to stop up her ears.

"Do something, make them stop fighting like that!" cried Hazel all at once.

Mary jumped. Do something! If

she could, she would have done it for herself long ago. She looked at Hazel hollow-eyed with alarm.

The girl began to talk. "My father said, 'Why ain't you at school?' And when I said it wasn't time yet, he said—he said, 'Well, to go on to school anyway, he didn't care'."

She sniffled and gulped and looked up at Mary with a face all wet and red. She was waiting and seemed to be clutching on to her.

Mary twisted away. "Oh, mercy," she said, "couldn't you wait out in the schoolyard—play on the swings or something?"

Hazel's voice got weak and caught in her sobs. "It ain't time yet. I can't go to school. I'm sick. I'm just sick."

"But what am I supposed to do? I'm sick too. I don't know what to do either."

Hazel leaned up against the door and hid her face. Her shoulders shook, and she made choking noises. Mary turned away and desperately began to wash the cereal bowl and spoon again. She waited for what seemed like hours, seeming to feel Hazel's eyes upon her back. At last she cut off the water and made herself turn around.

Hazel was gone. The room seemed deathly quiet. On the other side of the house she heard only a low murmur now, and she was aware of the ticking of her old tin clock. Ten till seven, and quiet. Quietness on Branch Street. She had a flash of Lydia Ireson in her pink robe and of young lawyer Ireson with a lock of hair over his forehead. Ten till seven! Mercy, she was late.

She grabbed her coat and hurried out on the front porch, shooting her arms through the sleeves. She almost stumbled when she suddenly saw Hazel sheltered in the corner of the steps, her chin in her hands and her eyes all red and puffy. Mary swallowed and couldn't look at her. She felt like saying, Don't look at me that way. It ain't my fault is it?

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A MAN

A man
much like any man with dried
rivers in his face
proving he had been

A man
lay dying—
(as certainly all would call
the emotion of his lying)

This man
while a ring of Ladies And Gentlemen
watched
squinted his lizard face
coughed, scraping the burning sand walls of his
throat
with a feeling the lady in black and pearls
called pain

He,
after which the lady in black and pearls
gasped
and quickly to save herself
applied to his childhood,
said what in sixty years of breathing
he had meant, "I need to go home."

—William Louis Dreyfus

The working ways of men
Are clear.
They climb tall as the bone
And End
Grumbling without sound
Buried in the wind
Even,
Without dust.

—William Louis Dreyfus

POEM

Usually you need not ration
Cautiously, the words
Of understanding nor bring
Compassion in disguise;
But there are a lonely few
From whom you must conceal
Deduction of their need,
For their destruction may
Lie in the breaking
Of the shell.

O come with love on tiptoe
Answer the silent plea
Silently.

—Nancy DePass

AGE, AND MUCH TO BE WON

In thickets, after all,
it is late now and silent
(afternoon is bidding leave
destined for other climes)

There are footpaths to be won
unceasing beyond as before
(which are covered now, and yet
with dark, but with autumn leaves)

And there is much to be sought
innumerable are the untried laues
(those, perhaps, where the sun
has lost its way)

—J. Johns

THE TRAGEDY OF SUPPRESSION

an essay
by JOHN CARTER

ONE of the features of Tennessee Williams' plays is that his characters take on a social significance superceding their narrower dramatic significance. This is not to say that Williams writes in the "problem play" vein of Ibsen and Galsworthy—Williams' situations are particular and his themes are far from being didactic or crusading. However, one may, by extension, equate his characters with groups and trends in society and through them allegorize the machinations of the mass mind. For example, it is very easy to arrange *A Streetcar Named Desire* so that Blanche Dubois symbolizes the small poetic and prophetic element which strives, often mistakenly, for the intangible and immortal final cause in life. Blanche sought it in unrestricted love, and her tragedy is the realization that she has been wrong, which drives her insane. Stanley Kowalski, then, would represent the "predatory" element. He neither understands nor likes Blanche because, although he is proud of his self-sufficiency, he realizes that she possesses something incomprehensible that he does not have. Sister Stella is the insufficient majority which neither have nor assert convictions, but become the passive vassals of the powerful and brutal, and are to be pitied.

In Williams' similar though subtler work, *Summer and Smoke*, which was recently produced so artistically by the Duke Players, there is also a parallel to be drawn. Young Dr. John Buchanan, the débauché of Glorious Hills, after much trouble rescues his life from the shambles into which it has fallen and becomes both a personal and professional success. He quietly refuses the impassioned love of Alma Winemiller, the minister's daughter, who has finally escaped from the cloistered atmosphere of the rectory. In short, the play involves a switch of outlook in the two characters, acquiring irony in that each one is the element of influence on the other. The tragedy is Alma's. It does not involve a fall, but a change from one undesirable extreme to another. It is, then, a tragedy of Alma's inability to overcome the basic false principles which held her back from the good life when she had demonstrated a strength of character which might have

been able to bring her to a state of freedom. But it is also an example of dramatic necessity: a pattern is established at the beginning of the play, which must be developed as it has been.

History as well as drama has a habit of working itself out in patterns. Hegel called it the dialectic process, whereby every original thesis is countered by an opposing antithesis which grows out of it. Only by reconciliation of the two can a synthesis be produced. It is, essentially, the old concept of action and reaction. As was the case with Alma, one of the prime causes of violent and unhealthy reaction is unhealthy suppression.

One example from history is still very painfully present. All about us is evidence of the perverted reaction to the unhealthy subjugation of sex in late nineteenth century Britain and America. The Victorian custom of rushing young men and women into the intricacies of marriage without the slightest idea of what it is all about has led to the present decadence of marriage as an institution, with one out of every three ending in divorce.

The form of suppression changed in the twentieth century, becoming more insidious. With the advent of a nihilistic philosophy which, in turning away from final causes, loses sight of the essential value of the individual, and with the development of the science of psychology, man's mind is becoming the plaything of the tyrant. The new despot is not satisfied in exercising political and economic control over his subjects; he must recreate their thought processes until they are moulded in the desired image. But we must not limit the tyrant to the singular, or even to the few. We must more than ever be aware of what Mill called "the tyranny of the majority." Especially in America have the democracy-conscious people carried the dubious doctrine of majority rule to its illogical conclusion, confusing equality before the law with equality of tastes, which can lead only to national vulgarity.

The question naturally arises as to what is behind such narrow-mindedness and traditionalism, for discrimination is always strong against those who ques-

tion the status quo. It seems that much of it might be traced to the basic instinct of fear, tempered by apathy and materialism. The small man looks at events only in the light of what immediately concerns himself.

He is especially jealous about his material possessions, being extremely unreceptive toward anything that might be unpopular with any large or powerful person or group, whether it be right or wrong (although he usually doesn't consider this anyhow), because it might be "bad for business."

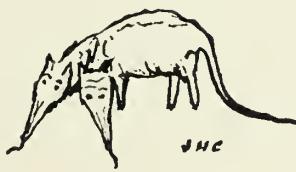
We can see how, in national affairs, tolerance and freedom dwindle when our security is threatened. Instead we have witch-hunts, name-calling, groundless suspicions, hate propaganda, and inquisitions. We shout from the rooftops our weakness and lack of faith in the principles of our philosophy, while laying an intellectual smoke-screen in which our real enemies, the worms that corrupt from within, can flourish, hidden from the light of rational, free inquiry which alone is able to expose their lolly and insidious intent.

Just as Alma's life became confused and perverted because of the suppression under which she labored and just as our outlook on sex was equally perverted because of senseless suppression, so the prospect that looms as the logical result of the present suppression of thought is an equally undesirable perversion of thought. The forms it might take are probably incalculable to the contemporary thinker. However, we can see their vanguards already. Cults and fads, based more on medieval superstitions than on the rational approach of the liberal tradition, are probably more rife among us than at any time since the middleages. We need only look at the great success of Fascism and National Socialism, with its anti-intellectual, anti-rational, expedient, and nihilistic philosophy, to sense

the true danger of the situation. There is absolutely no guarantee that it cannot happen here.

On the other hand, there is no reason for sweeping despair. History shows us time and again how a small though vital majority can provide a leadership and impetus to an otherwise dissolute society. Those whose educations and environments have given them the faculty of thinking with freedom (in a world where the expression "free thinker" is a term of approbation) are the sole means of preserving life as we know it. But they must develop foresight and purge themselves of the three vices of apathy, materialism, and fear. If necessary, they must pursue idealism to absurdity and shun the pragmatic to the point of asceticism. Only by Christ-like perserverance and self-sacrifice can they achieve their goal. The challenge to colleges and universities and to those associated with them is stupendous. It is, among other things, a challenge to think more in terms of minds, less in terms of endowments and gate receipts from football games; to think more about originality of expression, less about whether it receives good or adverse publicity.

A good mind is no more valuable than a mediocre one if what it is to express is already prescribed and restricted. A school must make a special effort to encourage original expression, even though it may run counter to all its preconceived ideas, and to withhold its hand from suppression of the most radical thoughts —there will be more than enough suppression in the mundane world—if it does not seek to produce a tribe of mental Alma Winemillers. We need only look at the case of Karl Marx, who, because of the comparatively mild radicalism of his youth, was restricted from following an academic or journalistic career. Let his name stand as a grim monument to those who believe that they can channel the creative mind.



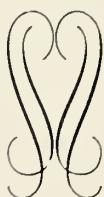
The Modern Dance

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School and taught there for five years. She toured numerous U. S. schools and colleges, teaching as a visiting instructor. She now teaches in her New York studio in the winter and at Colorado College, Colorado Springs during the summer.

The attitude of the eager young American dancers shocked Hanya's sensitivities. They wanted to learn the new form much in the same manner that they would learn a game of cards. She was able to cope with them, however, by requiring daily attendance of those who looked to dance as a career, and she replaced their superficial approach with a deeper sense of the meaning and substance of dance. She was greatly influenced by America and Americans, and her compositions showed the effect of her adopted country.

These were the revolutionists. Dance audience and artists are increasing in number, and today there are many companies including those of Charles Weidman, Martha Graham, Jose Limon, Pearl Primus, and Harriette Ann Gray. The revolutionists established the art, and now dance is reaching a status in the artistic world.



The Smell of a Rose

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She clumped down the steps to the sidewalk, feeling the girl's eyes boring into her back. She hadn't let herself look back. Noisy Gibsontown. Crying and coughing, and backyards with coffee cans under the houses. She headed for the Iresons' place. There the lawn was green, bordered with hedge, and the tall white house stood quiet in the early morning

Even at seven-fifteen stillness lay in the streets. Mary climbed the steps of the Iresons' neat back porch. When she rapped on the door, it seemed to her the windowpanes of all the neighborhood houses were rattling back the sound. She waited in the fog and knocked for a second time. At any moment she expected to hear a rumble and screech from the top of the house and see Lydia Ireson's face dim through the screen. She would call down to her, and it would look so warm and soft behind her in the bedroom.

Oh, they had such a sweet life in there. The upstairs smelled of nice things. She wore perfume, and he used shaving soap in a trim little jar, and in their room was a fuzzy rug, a rose silk quilt, and a smooth-faced clock that hummed forever. Mary drew in a long breath as if she were smelling thick flowers. She put her hand to her throat and lifted her eyes to the window above. She felt now that surely something would open to her—the window or the door. She had waited long enough.

Gradually the moment sank, and she knew that something was wrong. She heard no sound in the house, and all at once she had the floorless feeling that maybe it wasn't Tuesday after all. Or that she had come to the wrong house. She looked about her frantically, affirming the fat hedges, the trickling drainpipe, and the familiar crack in the sidewalk. Then she turned toward the house again, puzzled and refusing to believe that it was empty.

At last she felt a tremor underfoot and knew someone was walking

through the kitchen. She breathed again. Shifting her feet, she prepared a little piece of something to say. Then the door jolted open.

"Sorry, I didn't hear you at first." It was Mr. Ireson, but his face was grey and grizzly, and his eyes looked puffed and even red inside. He looked so bad that Mary forgot what she had planned to say.

"Well-sir, here I am again," she finally announced. She started to move into the kitchen, but he kept standing in the doorway. She noticed that his shirt, usually so crisp and clean, hung limp and his sleeves were rolled up high.

"I seem to have forgotten," he said rubbing the back of his neck. His hair looked all sticky and tousled.

"It is Tuesday, ain't it?" she said with a throb of panic.

He gave something of a groan and rubbed his scratchy chin painfully.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Ireson?" She looked down at her dress, her shoes, her paper bag.

He didn't answer, but stepped aside grimly and waved her into the kitchen. She went in, looking all around her like an animal in strange surroundings. She saw shelves cluttered with dishes, a sink clogged with coffee grounds and cigaret ashes. The smell was dank and wet-cold. It was a nasty, filthy kitchen. She turned toward Mr. Ireson, her eyes round and her mouth dropping open. He was lighting a cigaret now. He threw the match into a cold coffee cup with a sickening hiss, and spewed smoke into the room. Neither of them spoke. Mary felt stuffed with embarrassment.

"This beats everything," he said, sinking suddenly into a chair with a sort of panting, unbelieving laugh. He seemed not to be talking to her. "I just don't know what you do in a case like this."

"Should I—commence cleaning up?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know," he said motioning with his hands. "What do you usually do? She always used to tell you, I don't know."



"Well, ain't she coming down this morning?" She watched him pull himself up and go to the sink, licking nervous little specks of ashes into the wetness. She felt a sick dread at his manner, the way the kitchen looked. She had a dream-like feeling as of remembering something, a feeling of invisible feathers brushing by her.

"No, she isn't coming down," he said at last, flatly. "She isn't even here."

Mary sucked in her breath and leaned over slightly. Mr. Ireson turned around; but instead of looking her in the face, he stared at the floor, kicking at a mashed cigaret butt. His voice was changed, thick with shame.

"Now that I've told you, couldn't you go on back? Take the day off or something. Spend the day at home with your family."

Mary felt a stab. She thought of a pink-faced girl crying on the steps. "But I always work here on Tuesdays. I wouldn't know where to go."

He went on talking to himself. "It seems so—so *stupid* for her to be gone."

"There ain't no other place for me to go, Mr. Ireson."

"I don't know how I thought I could keep it from people," he went on. He began to pace the linoleum, gnawing his thumbnail. He started pushing up his shirt sleeves, twisting and grinding them around his arms. His arms looked tight in the sleeves. Mary remembered suddenly another time and someone else.

She remembered Paul the morning before the night he didn't come back, the night that had been empty and dark. She had always loved the look of his arms; they were strong ones, but ones that never learned to hold things carefully. They only knew how to break and hurt, or raise a bottle to his mouth or maybe hold someone else when she was gone. But she had loved them anyway, even after she had ceased to touch them; and now when she saw them again, or arms that looked like they did, she remembered the morning he had sat at the table smoking, his arms moving slowly up and down, and then the night she had spent waiting by and looking at the coffee cup he had put his ashes in and the chair he had left empty.

"Oh, mister," she cried, "That ain't nothing. Mine's been gone three years. Once he came back, but it was only to ask for some money." She plucked his sleeve. "Don't think I don't know. Mine left me too."

He looked down at her for a while, gradually aware of her being there. He looked at her as if she had intruded in some way. It was as though he were stopping a minute to look at something curious and unpleasant in the road, and then hurrying on.

"I know, I know," he said, "but you don't see. I never thought *she* would do a thing like this. It seems so—"

Mary dropped her hand from him. She felt as if she had just been unravelled, then knotted up again.

"—But she simply would not understand," he kept saying. Finally he gave a short bitter laugh. "And you know—I didn't even try to understand her."

He bent down his head and after a time he drew up again with a long jerky breath. "Well, I don't know. Stay if you want to—I don't know." He wandered out toward the living room, rubbing his head tiredly and leaving Mary to herself.

After he had gone Mary let herself swallow. She blinked and wiped her face on her sleeve, and when she could move again she began to go about the kitchen doing little tasks. She put toast and coffee on a little tray and took them into the living room where Mr. Ireson was lying on the sofa, exhausted, sleeping. She swirled out the coffee pot and put on more to boil, then swept the floor and cleared the stove, trying to stir up the home-like bustle of a kitchen—that bustle she used to dream of in the early morning over her own dull sink. She used to think of Paul and imagine the two of them here in this warm house, for their house had never been warm. But the bustle and life were not to be found in a kitchen so strewn with the wreckage of lonely dinners. She felt the absence, the halfness, all over again and the waiting for a return. A twilight seemed to have followed her—a sort of sick-room barrenness which made her afraid to turn on the lights all day and go about the house on tiptoe.

By late afternoon Mary had put the house in quiet order. She had cleared the scattered dishes, the dead ashtrays scarred and littered, and all the glasses with the sticky brown rings inside. Upstairs she had found it musty, no longer floating with the presence of perfume, and she had opened the window, letting the pale wet air wash in. Now she stood leaning against the sill as the curtains stirred about her. It was a strange moment. On the sunless lawn

THE SMELL OF A ROSE

below she had just spied a yellow crocus growing under a tree. It was strange because she had somehow forgotten the year was about to turn into spring. Surely it was time, now in the greyness of dead grass and four o'clock skies. Yet there had been fog this morning, with the barking of dogs and distant car motors. She heard a car motor now. Always before when she heard car motors they stopped at the next house. But now doors were slamming below. Downstairs she heard a creak in the sofa and a thump on the living room floor. Footsteps tapped on the walk, their walk. Quick steps in the hall responded. How unreal. How very unreal. A long pause came before the ring of the doorbell, spouting throughout the house. The door jarred open, and Mary listened from upstairs without breathing.

"You didn't have to ring the doorbell," he said. "What made you think you had to do that?"

A woman's voice came.

"I wasn't sure. If you hadn't answered right away I might have gone away again."

Mary put her hand to her throat. She couldn't hear all they had said, but she knew right away the impossible thing had happened. There must have been a charm.

"I suppose you've just come back to get something?" Mr. Ireson was saying. "You left your art stuff, you know. I was going to send it to you."

Mary tiptoed to the head of the stairs and crouched down. She could barely see them, as they stood awkwardly facing each other. He had not even let her in the door.

"Hush, hush, won't you," she said trying to laugh. "Look, I've got my suitcases."

He seemed to wait a long time to answer, motioning with his hands. "Do you mean this?" he said at last.

She tried to laugh again, but only moaned futilely. "Oh, silly. Can't you tell? Let me in, Merritt. Oh, I

feel so silly. I thought I'd know what to say, but I don't. Please let me in."

The screen door screeched and she did come in, finally moving close to him. Her cheeks were flushed. She had stopped trying to joke. To Mary she was as beautiful as the lady in the picture downstairs.

"You won't believe this, it sounds so theatrical or something," she began. Then...more rapidly, her words becoming confused, "But something let—wouldn't let me tell you before, because you seemed so stubborn or jealous or something over nothing."

"What on earth?" He rubbed the back of his neck.

She was touching the tip of his collar, looking down. "Listen, Merritt," she said quite unsteadily, swallowing, "I'm going to have a baby." She hurried on to cover up. "I knew before I left, but when you . . . well, I guess I wanted to punish you. I even went to mother's, like in the movies. Oh, this is awful."

He was reaching out for her numbly. He only fingered the edge of her sleeve. "Aw . . ." he said in a voice gone all soft. "Why didn't you tell me anyway?"

"I don't know. I don't know." She smiled, but looked as though she would cry.

"Oh, my, Lydia," he said, taking her arms clumsily. "This would never have happened. It really wouldn't have."

"I know. I know."

"Oh, Lydia," he said again.

They began to mutter soft things to each other. As she listened Mary felt an agony as heavy as honey melting within her. She had not heard all that they had said, but it seemed to her like a scene with music from a movie. She saw the beautiful woman flowing suddenly into her husband's arms, his tight-sleeved arms, with his strong hands cradling her head and feeling her soft hair. She felt a sweet, violent

sense of sad glory, for she knew how it was; she remembered and the remembering hurt her until she shivered. A return, an opening at last. Without thinking Mary came gliding down the stairs.

The man and his wife rustled.

"Oh, Lord, I forgot," Mr. Ireson said.

"Oh, heavens," said Lydia Ireson, skimming back threads of her hair. "I had no idea. . ." They looked at each other and then away at the door. "Tuesday of all things," she said. "It's five."

"She usually leaves at five," he said.

"Do you have any money with you?"

He fumbled about, slapping his pockets and frowning. His face turned red. "Can't find my billfold," he said.

Mrs. Ireson scrambled in her pocketbook. "I don't have a cent," she whispered. "I didn't have much when I left."

The two of them looked up at Mary pleadingly. Mr. Ireson cleared his throat. "Suppose you come back in the morning, Mary. I'm awfully sorry about the money—we'll have to go to the bank."

"Will it inconvenience you too much?" added his wife.

"No, ma'am," Mary said as she came the rest of the way down the stairs. "I'll just go now."

She brushed by them quickly and went through the kitchen and out the back door. On the back porch she paused, breathing the cool air. She was thinking of the love she had left inside the house. It was like something being born. At last she stepped from the porch, carrying herself gently with her neck in a beautiful curve. The sidewalk was slick. She had to be careful. She walked toward the bus stop, measuring her steps slowly. The coldness of the air was giving her cheeks roses, she could feel it. Everywhere she saw buds on the trees beaded

with raindrops, and on the ground below green shoots speared the black soil.

She reached the corner just as the bus rolled up. The people did not stare at her yet, but later even the men coming home from work would rise and let her have a seat. As she paid her fare she smiled at a child who leaned over one of the seats, and he smiled back, flower-faced. Her mouth felt firm and shiny. She held her purse over her coat and looked down shyly. She was thinking of what she would say to Paul when she saw him again. She could remember him as he had looked the last time she had seen him, and now she could see the whole thing happening again—but in a different ending this time and music.

For when she came in from work that night he would be sprawled on the bed, as he had been the other time; and he would say, as he had said: "Time you came home. I'm back." But she would say instead, *Do you mean this?*

"I'm broke. I reckon you've got some money on you."

At that she would arch her neck beautifully and murmur, *No, I didn't have much when I left, you know.*

But he had grabbed her, hadn't he, and hurt her and she had screamed. "You look here," he said, "Are you going to give it to me or not? She knew he had been drinking, and she was afraid of him.

But no. This time she would not scream. Not at all. Instead her neck would droop and her cheeks grow brightly colored. "Don't hurt me," she would say, quite unsteadily, "I'm going to have a child." Then she would smell whisky no more, but now the sweetness of roses; and under her ribs would be the melting of thick honey, and he would cradle her head and stroke her soft hair at the sound of distant music and the swish of tires on the streets outside.

But the tires of the bus were making a whining sound. There was a jolt when they stopped at the last

orange-marked pole in Gibsontown. Careful . . . careful . . . Mary climbed down and the bus went rumbling away. There standing alone she heard the noise at once—roller skates, radios, and screen doors slamming. She even smelled the onions cooking for supper, and in the twilight she could see dim lightbulbs through the windows of dirty houses. She sighed and started down the walk. The magic had not worked, and she was not surprised—not really. She had learned not to be surprised anymore. They said in church that there were miracles and births, and the hero always came back in the movies; but she had come back to an empty house too many times to believe that. Always she believed until she came to this street of jumbled things and saw that her side of the house was still dead at the dusty windows.

And yet it was spring, and there had seemed to be signs. Even here she saw green grass patching some of the ugly back yards; and as she went down the block, she saw, in the black dirt among the old bottles, a white dog stretched out with a row of puppies pressing and kneading her sides. Just then she heard a child's laughter and the tinkle of a bell. She felt a sweet confusion. She wanted to piece the pieces, to gather the fragments and shake the colors until they fell into a picture she could keep. She took it as a promise she would find something when she came home, and she closed her eyes and wished.

When she opened them again she fastened them on the house. But something was wrong. All the windows were dark this time, even the ones on the other side of the house, and someone sat on the steps. Someone's shadow was very dim in the twilight.

"Who's there?" said Mary, nearing the porch.

"Me," a girl's voice said. Hazel was sitting on the steps, her chin in her hand, much as Mary had left her.

"What are you doing out here?"

"I don't know," answered the girl.

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"Ain't it time for your supper? Listen, everyone else is eating." They heard the clink of forks in the house next door and the sound of the scraping of plates.

"I know," said Hazel, "but not us. My father's still asleep. He got sick." "Where's your Ma?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders and looked down, then up at Mary. Her face was round and young, and seeking in the twilight for an opening and a return.

"Well," said Mary at last, "you might as well come inside." She went up the last two steps and saw the sky had become as blue as a spreading cloth.

"We'll sit down to the table together," she said, and opened the door, feeling the sense of sad glory; but slow now like the unfolding of a tight winter bloom. She looked back over the yard, barren except for white stones.

"You know," she said just before going inside, "I think we might plant a rose bush. We'll plant it near the steps; and maybe by summer on the porch at supper time we can smell it in the air."

The girl looked back, then followed her into the house. The lights went on at the windows.

Angels Don't Die

continued from page 14

in the kitchen fixing dinner and she talked to us for a little while. She knew Val had been crying and I told her it was because she had lost her balloons, but we had seen the swans. We went up to Val's room and I read to her about a blue train. She fell asleep in my lap.

Mommy's funeral was on Sunday. It was a rainy day and the house smelled a lot of flowers, which were almost dead. Val and I had gone to Sunday School, and when we came back Val wanted to go to the park and see the swans. Grandma told her that she couldn't go because it

was raining and we had to keep our good clothes on.

"Valerie," Grandma said, "you and Howard come here and sit with me for a minute. Your Mother is with the angels now and we are going to see her down in Brooklyn this afternoon. There will be a lots of people there with us, and a man will speak. Your Mommy is sleeping and you must both be very quiet all the time."

Val sat close to me and put her hand on my knee. I wanted to help her because she didn't understand what was happening, but I didn't know how. So many people had told her different things about Mommy, and why she wasn't here and where she was.

The car to take us to the funeral came at two o'clock. Grandma, Val and I were the only ones riding in it. Val didn't want to wear her hat so she took it off and gave it to me. Grandma put it back on her and she started crying. "Now, Valerie, stop that. Remember, you're a good girl."

It took us a long time to get to Brooklyn, and the driver had to get out and wipe off the back window a couple of times. There were a lot of people there when we got to the funeral house, and Val and I stood in the doorway and waited while Grandma talked to an old man and woman that I had never seen before. Val held my hand very tight. I saw her looking at the people and the dark furniture and the small white flowers on the table and the long brown rug like the one in the church when Cousin Edna was married and Val was a flower girl. A woman who was Aunt Annie, I think, came over to us. Grandma was standing inside the big room with the two old people.

"You must be Howie and Val. I remember you Howie, but I have never seen Val. My, what big girl you are—and so pretty. You know, sometimes it even takes a funeral to get relatives together." She laughed

EYE ON THE MEDAL

a little. Val hung on to the back of my jacket and hid her face. Her hat fell back over her head and was hanging by the blue ribbon around her neck. "Come on, children, it is time to go in now," our aunt said, and she led us through the door to the big room. I couldn't see Grandma anywhere. "In this way, dear," she whispered, and we went to a dark room filled with chairs. I knew Mauna was in front but the people were too tall so I couldn't see over them. I didn't want to see over them, and suddenly I didn't want Val ever to see Mommy. Aunt Annie led us down to some empty chairs near the front. We sat, and I bowed my head for a moment. Val was still holding my hand. When I raised my head, she was standing up, looking at the flowers and the candles and at Mommy. I got scared and wished Grandma was there. She kept standing and looking until a lady next to me said that the minister was coming in and that Val had better sit down. I pulled her hand and she looked at me. I thought she was crying but she wasn't.

She said: "Howard, I don't see Mommy's angels. Are they still here?"

Eye On the Medal

continued from page 21

hills and into Vermont Garland had thought about it, sitting by himself on the bus. Why would the Head send the J.V.'s to play a superior team from a big high school? Why had he made Bohrer take him, a starting member of the Varsity Reserves? The Varsity Reserves were playing Holyoke, their last game of the season, his last game of any season. Garland knew why. They had never played this school before, and it would be the start of a successful relationship between Darius and all concerned if Darius lost. Especially on Fathers Day for a county high-school in Vermont. Garland stood up, tears in his eyes.

It was late in the afternoon, and the light was waning. There was a difference in the look of the tree shadows. Somewhere Garland knew cows were lowing, and little bells were tinkling. Now and then in the distance a farm wagon tilted by, and the dust flew; and somewhere, perhaps, blue-shirted laborers with shovels over their shoulders plodded home.

Garland received the kick-off and started up the left sidelines and cut into the middle. The orange and black jersey hit him just below the waist. It was as if all his bowels had been crammed into his groin, the pressure sending bubbles of tight through his brain. Redfield signaled for a time out. Garland pushed himself to his feet, mouth shut tight. His mouth was long and thin. His skin was pulled tight over the sharp bones of his face.

"Jackson, I'm sending you through the middle. Then, Buell, I'm taking wing on the wingback reserve play."

Jackson picked up two yards and returned to the huddle, his helmet pushed back on his head, pulling his eyes and eyebrows into bizarre slants. Garland leaned into position, the muscles in his thin legs aware of the earth around him. His legs were like a law of nature. . . a thing one could not question, alter, or implore. The sun had now almost disappeared from the hills. A few clouds, dropped by the falling wind, hung listlessly in the sky. The ball snapped, and Garland felt it slammed into his stomach on the hand-off as he gained momentum towards the outside. Then he cut into the line. The orange and black tackle was on one knee, partially blocked by the end. Garland saw him raise his head, and as he did Garland's knee crashed into his jaw.

The orange and black figure never moved. He lay on his back, his crushed mouth open, bubbling blood. There was little nose left, and his upper lip hung absurdly where

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his teeth had been pushed through. The two officials in white pants looked at Garland as he returned to the huddle. They remained staring after him with sudden resentment. They could give no reason for it. It was an instinct in his presence. He had looked at them as he passed, but they knew he had not seen them. It was as if they never existed, but he had looked straight at them. The officials could see only the blood spattered on his pants.

The leaves streamed down trembling in the glow of the sunset as Garland climbed the long slope to the locker room. The leaves were not green; only a few, scattered through the torrent, stood out in single drops of color so bright and pure that it hurt his eyes. The rest were not a color, but a light, the substance of fire on metal, living sparks without edges. Garland could feel the serum swelling in the palm of his hand.

Inside the locker room Garland began to undress. The panes of the single window were dark. A weak tallow light from the ceiling spread down over naked flesh. The cement floor was damp. In the dimness the lockers stood out like tombstones. There was the strange effect of a graveyard where bodies were merely flung. Coach Bohrer sat apart from the rest, quietly smoking a cigarette, while Harry moved about with the tremendous effort of a stabbed fish. Garland could no longer feel the pain in his hand, the weariness that pulled at his stomach, and the coiled muscles in his thin legs. He could only see the face of the boy lying broken on the field. The image hurt and twisted inside of him. Coach Bohrer dropped his cigarette on the damp floor, and looked up.

“You played a great game today, Garland.”

Garland moved towards the steam of the showers. There were tears in his eyes.

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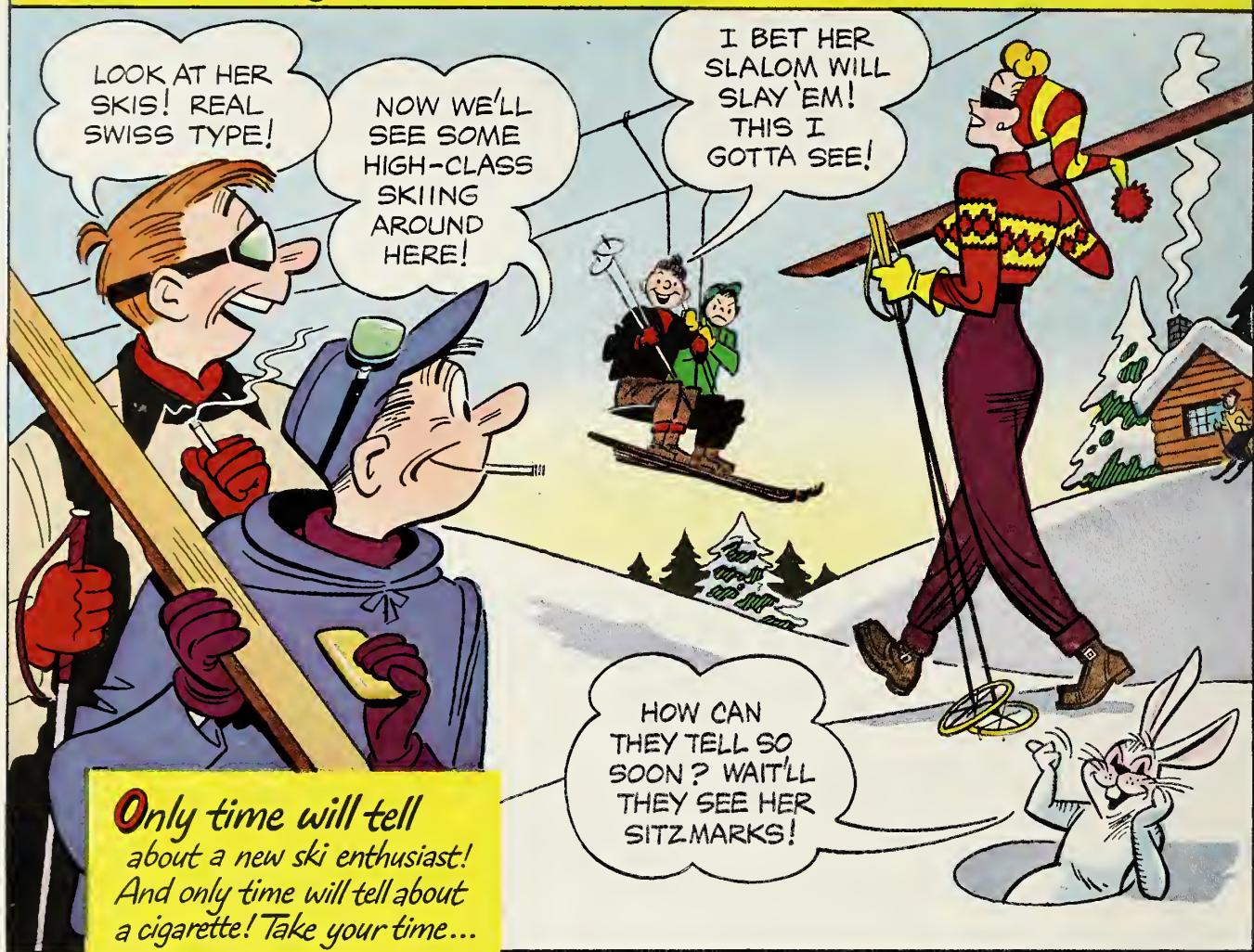
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april, 1953

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editorial

THE ARCHIVE has been given a decided boost this spring by the publications board, which has recently set up an advisory committee for the magazine. Dr. William Blackburn, Dr. Philip Williams, and Mrs. N. I. White, who make up the committee, will serve with the past editor as a screening committee during elections to make recommendations to pub board on the candidates for ARCHIVE positions. Their chief function, however, is to advise the magazine editors and to offer criticisms and suggestions for improvement. All of these people are tremendously interested in the ARCHIVE, and we are delighted to be able to work with them. We feel that their contributions are going to be an important factor in any progress the magazine may make in the coming year.

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business

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We are fortunate to have "Canary Red," a story by Ruth Rae, in this issue. Ruth, a graduating senior who was editor of the ARCHIVE in 1952-53, has been one of those people who stand out from the crowd—who are, in a sense, the "genius above the age." Certainly we of the ARCHIVE staff owe her many thanks for her magazine this past year and for her help with our first issue. We would like to extend our thanks too, to Tom Jordan, this past year's associate editor, and Elinor Divine, coed editor. The magazine made tremendous strides forward in the last nine months and we can only hope to continue the work. Without your contributions nothing can be done, but with your help we can perhaps

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In the coming year the ARCHIVE would like to broaden its range of material to include essays in criticism. We feel that this is an important element in any literary magazine and a field in which much undergraduate writing is done at Duke. We are publishing in this issue two critical essays. "Portraits in Evil", a study of the Mephistophilis of Marlowe and the Satan of Milton, by Reynolds Price, and "A Shell for Poetry," observations on the notebooks of Gerald Manley Hopkins by Elinor Divine. This is Reynolds' first contribution to the ARCHIVE and we think it a masterful analysis. Elinor, who has been for some time one of the most impressive writers at Duke, has had several of her stories and poems in the ARCHIVE; and we are fortunate to have one of them, "A House in the Country," in this issue. Both the story and the essay are excellent examples of her beautiful prose style and mastery of subject.

We would like to call your attention to "Hector and Paris," a poem by John Carter. This poem was chosen for publication in the special Arts Forum issue of the *Corradi*, literary magazine of the Woman's College in Greensboro and was very highly praised during the forum by visiting critics Cecil Brown and Saul Bellow. We are very pleased to be able to reprint it in this issue of the ARCHIVE.

Our cover is by Carolyn Cather, a sophomore coed whose work has appeared often in the ARCHIVE. Carolyn has a fine sense of line structure and composition in all her paintings, and her pixies this month are, we think, an excellent characterization of spring. —E.M.

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A SHELL FOR POETRY

Observations on the Notebooks of Gerard Manley Hopkins

by Elinor Divine

LETTERS, DIARIES, journals, notebooks — these can certainly tell more facts about a man than can his poetry, which to read like a tale about the author must be translated, even twisted, and sometimes pulled out of context by seekers of biography. The same is true of the biography of poetry. Again diaries, journals, and notebooks may tell more about its makings than can the poetry itself. A poem does not, and should not, show the earmarks of its inception any more than the published version should keep the scratches, the arrows, and the substitutions of the author's worked-over copy. It should not hint of the agony of composition—that is, the fingernail biting, the fight inside for a right phrase, and the groping in vague air for a meant word. A finished piece of poetry must seem without all this.

And yet sometimes we want to know that other, the background of the birth, if we can possibly know without destroying the creation's wholeness and beauty. Especially we want to know the beginnings of a poetry that is new and course-shaping, such as that of Gerard Manley Hopkins. By a synthesis rather than a zoological analysis, we want to know what the elements of his poetry were: what it was made of, what were its very bones. The essence of his poems or the thought is not what concerns us now. It is rather the structure which cages this thought we are after, with its growth and strengthening in order to withstand the maximum concentration of potent idea.

Now that is what is new in Hopkins' poetry—a structure custom-built, strong enough to hold the heaviness and power he was to pour inside it; and no better witness to the development of this "skeleton for poetry" can be found than his notebooks. Idea is

not being shaped here. Any philosophizing or moralizing is curiously absent, for he kept that separately in a spiritual journal which has been lost¹. Instead, *The Notebooks and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins* shows him picking up little pieces here and there —words, tree twigs, noises, ice crystals, glimpses—molding and constructing, memorizing the structure and *inscape* of the world around him so that he could correspondingly build an inscape for his poetry and its vast meaning.

If it were necessary to sort out Hopkins' raw materials as stored in his note-books, I should say they are two—things and words. Perhaps these two sound rather obvious to be found in any man's diary and journal. Not for Hopkins': instead of using words and things in passing, he collected, treasured, and examined them. He examined them in an almost microscopic way—things for their "thingness" or inscape, and words either purely for their sound or for their power to express *instress*. The link between things and words for Hopkins can in fact be found in those two coined terms, "inscape" and "instress." Here at the same time is the key to the main purpose of his poetry—to see the inscape of nature and feel its instress. His notebooks hoard flocks of images, outlines, and pictures which his keen eyes have caught; then his poetry spins them out again with new significance, sharpening their relationships and importances in the whole life picture. The ecstasy and shock of realizing this significance is none other than instress.

Then what is inscape? Pat definitions help very little and are hard to formulate. One can only begin to grasp a sense of its meaning as a material for poetry after meeting the word many times and many places

throughout Hopkins' writings. Hopkins first uses it in an early paper on Parmenides, although he has spoken of "scapes" before in the essay, "Poetic Dictation". His explanations are dizzy, however, and take only vague shape in one's mind until one has absorbed a feeling for the word through references in context—and examined his painstaking lists of minute descriptions or "collected inscapes."

These descriptions include trees, rocks, water, snow, ice, and clouds—things which are unusual either in outline, texture, or color and which appeal to the eye of a technical-minded artist. Actually Hopkins *was* an artist. In his notebooks he sketched quite capably the pictures he had also put down in words. In some instances he even made the term inscape synonymous with sketch or design.² Moreover, in criticizing a group of painters he had seen at the National Gallery, he speaks of the "inscaping of drapery" and more than once judges a canvas in terms of this quality. The same is true for his minute examination of religious architecture, for which he seems to have a fine eye. The word in its strictest sense becomes a craftsman's term, related to art in its most technical form. Inscape is the design of a thing, its outline, its pattern against the sky. The sharper the contrasts, the more intense the inscape. Speaking of snow-laden elms, Hopkins says, "The inscapes they had lost. . . were beautifully brought out by the sky"; and again of spring, "This is the time to study inscape in the spraying of the trees, for the swelling buds carry them to a pitch which the eye could not else gather." Hopkins could study a full-blown flower for hours simply to see it from "four symmetrical wards (angles) all beautiful in inscape"; he could grow interested even in "some brownish paste in the library formed in big crystals"; and—to show how far his pattern-seeking went—he could remark with great wonder, "The slate slabs of the urinals are even frosted in graceful sprays."

Why was he seeking so strenuously? Why did he so avidly, painfully collect this great store of images? The reason is the same for an artist who collects little sketches for a big canvas. Hopkins, too, was going to paint a picture—a picture in his mind of the wholeness of life. Just as he examined in detail the architecture of abbeys and cathedrals, he was examining the architecture of nature and the universe. He tried to see these details as they truly should look in a greater pattern, without the unconscious, personal distortion of a mind which does not know the principles. Once more in an artist's terms he must see them with their "foreshortening and equivalency" and understand how the parts fit into the whole. This is a process called "scaping" by Hopkins and is what

he was doing when he took a piece of nature, the stars, and likened them unto "gold tufts, golden bees, golden rowels"; or again when he analyzed something as humble as a hunk of frozen potshed into a long chain of "metaphysical" associations.³ The mind "has to keep making comparisons between whole and parts, parts and whole", Hopkins explains, "for this reference or comparison is that the sense of unity means."⁴

Man himself as a part of nature also has an inscape⁵, and Hopkins like the Metaphysical poets is constantly describing natural and even inanimate objects with images in terms of man. To him such a relationship is not far-fetched. He sees with ease eyebrows in clouds, fingernails in raindrops, and eyelids in tree buds; and he finds meaning of these likenesses because he believes likenesses surely hint of oneness. His seeing is integrating, as this comment upon a detailed description of sunset shows:

But what I note it all for is this: before I had always taken the sunset and the sun as quite out of gauge of each other, but today I inscaped them together and made the sun the true eye and ace of the whole, as it is. . . It is indeed stalling it (the sun) so that it falls into scape with the sky.⁶

Now then, what is *instress* and what its relation to *inscape*? Whether he is analyzing the intricate lines of a tiny blue-bell or comprehending the sharp outline of snow-covered Alps, this simple statement of his holds true—"I know the beauty of the Lord by it." Instress is that power of effect of inscape which shows him this beauty of the Lord; it is the fascination and the shock. Hopkins tells of mesmerizing a duck by drawing white chalk lines from her beak on a black table, noting "the fascinating instress of the straight white stroke." Like the duck Hopkins is almost mesmerized by as simple a thing as the sky, "blue charged with simple instress." Its spell produces in him a tugging and intimation which he more than once tries to put his finger on.

"What is it?" he says. "I think it is this same running instress, remembered instress) by which we identify, or better test and refuse to identify with our various suggestions a thought which has just slipped from the mind at an interpretation."⁷

"Instress" is often coupled with words such as "charm" and "awe," and both of these do hint the meaning of the word. But at its strongest instress is more than that—it is the effect produced by wild natural phenomena—lightning, falling stars, lunar halos, comets, and the Northern lights. In a striking passage about

continued on page 24

The Dancer

by Virginia Hillman

THE SHADOWS were many-shaded, but in front of the casement windows, the bars threw them out in long, oblique, black lines. Between the blackness of them, cool cement strips broke through, wanly lit by the four o'clock sun edging over the grey slate roof. The black lines ran along with the pale cement-coloured ones, crooking over the steps to the purple velvet rug in the aisle where they piled up on one another in the lushness. Sitting there was a girl. Sitting on one leg smoothing the closely knit stockings on the other, outstretched. She ran her hand over her leg tightly, erasing ripples and flexed her foot in the pink satin toe shoe. She laced the pink satin ribbon up her leg, one flat strip over the other, to the middle of her calf. She tied the ribbon in a bow, knotting it first, and flexed again. Carefully she extended her other leg in front, flexing. She smoothed the stocking and plaited the flat pink satin ribbon to her calf. Her leotard was black and the hair that hung to her waist was black, tied with a narrow brown velvet cord.

As she walked with long straight legs over the rug, the room was hollow with silence; no sound from satin on velvet. Slaps of sound came as she ran across the wooden floor in the pit and up onto the broad stage. No windows lit the stage and the darkness was all over, not just huddled in corners. The grand piano was huge on the side, the ivory keys

barely stood out. Tall stacks of sheet music rose, irregular and shadowy. She stood quite still while the echoes of her tapping slippers died, then she clasped the cold wooden bar at the side of the wall and bent her knees slowly down, back still straight. Ten pliés, noiselessly. She grew accustomed to the darkness, and could see the rows and rows of seats, heavy curtains and polished brass. She did not want the lamp light and continued to practice in shadow, stepping around and across the stage, arabesque, tour jeté and demi-pas, hovering, darting, poised, a dawn moth. Sometimes she was barely perceptible when the black of her leotards melted with the shadow, although there were long buff legs and high head. Turning, turning, down she came; a spiral looking high into the dome of the building. It was dance with her, dance and being dance, so that the two were one. Clarissa had always said, "Learn your form first; then dance." Clarissa was right, and after a while it was no longer form. Clarissa used to shriek, "Daredevil, devil, devil, dare!" up to her from the pit, afternoons. Times when she held in, all tight and wanting cold perfection. It snapped her sure. Alone it didn't matter, perfection, daredevil — because they were no longer single isolated factors, they got all over her like rum and excited things. Then Clarissa knew when to keep quiet, nodding and hitting her hips cleverly. Then she danced like something wild.

The sun was no longer a four o'clock sun, the shadows shortened. The big clock boomed five. Over the carpet, up the stairs to the window, something made a black blotch of a shadow. Something irregular that broke the neatness of the shadow lines. The factory had let out. The slow-moving crowd of workers had dragged by the window, wiping out the lines all together, but something had remained. A man knelt on the brick sill outside, pressing his heavily whiskered cheek to the pane. He had worked in the factory for thirty-five years. Before that he had been a night watchman on the local going to Cheshire. But now he worked at the factory and he had just discovered this window last week. His tin lunch box was at his feet. He looked earnestly through the window, motionless. That girl inside jumping and twirling that way seemed to him to be the loveliest thing he had ever seen in his whole life; the most perfect. He crouched like a great ugly gargoyle over the scene. His eyes stayed pinned on her for over an hour, breathlessly he watched.

When she jumped down off the stage, and stretched out her legs, peeling off her shoes, when she wrapped her brown cloak closely about her, shaking her hair over it, when she walked like a goddess from sight, then he stood up, picked up his lunch box and moved on.

Adé...

Time has soured the heart for weeping,
and thinking on
the hollow cheeks of wholeness
after the brutal last breath
died a devil's death,
the frown is smoothed away,
Can we rejoice? The frown is gone.

Old Lace is dead.
God Bless Old Lace.

When we were young,
then only in Age's eyes,
Our peach-skin shone in Old Lace's black,
Our dancing set to Her tune.
Just Now Time has cushioned the fingertips
And put a period to our living.
We shall be young no more.

Old Lace is dead.
Weep for the youth that died.

Just Now a country's gone.
A race has died.
The past that gave us pride,
the old continent, is undiscovered.
We are not whole, we have lost
A proof of our being,
A depth to our bones.

Old Lace is dead.
God Bless the living lame.

There was brightness in the eyes,
and the smooth brow a mirror to heatless fire.
We loved the transparent hands that kept the sun
and taught us blood, tastefully.
There was majesty in the last movement,
a wink at what went before.
We shall remember quality and grace.

Brilliant Old Lace is dead.
God Bless us who are sad.

—William Louis-Dreyfus

PORTRAITS IN EVIL

THE MEPHISTOPHILIS OF MARLOWE AND THE SATAN OF MILTON

by Reynolds Price

THE MEPHISTOPHILIS of Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and the Satan of John Milton's *Paradise Lost* present that most awful of pictures: the fallen angel, great good gone wrong. Both are caught in a hopeless predicament, totally immersed in that complete death of the spirit to which every man is always perilously close. Both are the Devil as seen by two of the greatest moralists of English literature yet the two, Mephistophilis and Satan, have little in common.

Marlowe's Mephistophilis is, when we have stripped away the gorgeous rhetoric of Milton and Marlowe and come to the hearts of the characters, in a real sense the greater character, the more tragic, the more sympathetic, because he perceives with overwhelming clarity and admits truthfully his fallen state:

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.

He has known God and heaven, he remembers them, and he is honest enough to express his sorrow at losing forever "the happy fields."

Meph. Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

He has no illusions about himself. In fact, far from being the traditional Prince of Lies, he is strikingly honest. He lies only once in the play, and he is forced to that lie in a desperate attempt to prevent Faustus from saving himself.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And course three, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why Faustus,

Thinkst thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Mephistophilis knows well that his mind is his kingdom; but that kingdom is hell, the hell of forever recalling what *should* have been. He, above all others, would affirm sadly that terrible speech of the Elder Brother in *Comus*:

But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

He is caught in the true hell, one in which, as Waldock has seen, the damned have reached the absolute end of their road. Thus, aware that he can never regain his angelic state, Mephistophilis is reduced to bargaining frantically for the souls of proud, ambitious, little men to share his pain.

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

[It is solace to the damned to have companions in pain.]

The once-bright angel is now no more than a common lackey, flying about the world from Constantinople to Wertenberg, " vexed with these villians' charms," fulfilling the least whim of any man who will curse God. He is an archangel become a panderer, distinguished from others of his kind only by his ability to furnish a Helen of Troy for his client. But he realizes his littleness, and he is horrified by it. He exists "Only for pleasure of these damned slaves." Once holy, now profane and vile, he is somehow sorry that he is what he is, vaguely ashamed of being the Evil One, certainly not proud of the name. His evil proceeds rather from his sense of loneliness, his sense of being alienated from all other things, from a desire to say to others, "Now know what *I* have suf-

ferred," than from an essentially evil nature. Thus he grows in tragic stature, a vastly lonely thing, an angel fallen into perpetual torture by the realization of his sorry state, embarrassed by the pettiness to which he stoops to relieve his pain (yet never relieving it), knowing what heaven is but caught forever in the squirrel cage of his mind because his mind is hell.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All place shall be hell that is not heaven.

Milton's Satan is different. A Titanic figure, he is hardly one for whom the reader can or should feel any sympathy, hardly one that we should like to know as we might wish to know and to help Mephistophilis. For Satan *is* Evil, evil does not emanate *from* Satan, evil is not a result *of* Satan, Evil *is* Satan. And as evil epitomized, he must be ridiculous: revolting against the Almighty because he feels slighted at the Son's elevation, never realizing that it was the Son as the manifestation of the Father's creative power who created Satan. It is his "fixed mind/And high disdain," his "sense of injured merit" that have sent him

. . . headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the omnipotent to arms.

At first, we stand in piteous awe of this "archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured." We admire his apparent resignation and determination:

. . . Farewell happy fields
Where joy forever dwells: Hail, horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

But the awe quickly turns to disgust as we see that Satan is *not* resigned at all but bent on "war,/Open or understood" against God. We realize that every idea which Satan advances is a lie, based on the one lie which, though it has caused his fall, still obsesses him: God rules only "by old repute,/Consent or custom." Satan is not willing to let God be God, and his efforts to avenge himself on the Almighty become like a raving child beating his head in vain against a closed

door. Even when he rises to his highest moment in the book IV soliloquy (it is here that he most closely resembles Mephistophilis)—

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?—

We can never quite dispel this picture of a dirty, despicable little creature bound "to wreck on innocent frail man his loss/Of that first battle and his flight to hell." He is well along in the rapid degradation which C. S. Lewis has charted: "From hero to general, from general to politician, from politician to secret service agent, and thence to a thing that peers in at bedroom or bathroom windows, and thence to a toad, and finally to a snake."

There is nothing of tragedy here, no pity, only disgust. Satan does not suffer the loneliness of Mephistophilis. He has forced heaven from his mind in his concentration on ruining man. "Evil be thou my good." He thinks only of himself "impaired," a bitter monomaniac, a massive intellect, totally lacking in understanding, reared on lies, careening destructively through the world only to feed a hurt pride.

It is inevitable that we should fear Satan and his hell. His is a predicament which each of us might easily know at first hand. But however much we fear his malevolence, however uneasily we view his fate, we cannot pity Satan. It is not a matter of charity; it is a matter of ethics.

Presented with two such different portraits of evil, one might ask why Marlowe and Milton arrived at concepts so widely separated. Perhaps one understood evil while the other did not. Perhaps their pictures of evil are not different—only manifestations of that aspect of evil which the poet knew best. Perhaps the simplest (and the truest) answer is that Marlowe was a Renaissance poet, and Milton was a Renaissance poet who was also a Puritan.

To Marlowe it seemed that loneliness and personal frustration were the source of wrong—atrophying the minds of men and angels, shrinking them to ineffectual ethical midgets pounding their hollow chests in a spiritual void. And Marlowe pitied such wrecked gestures. He feared evil's meaning for his own life. He could not damn Mephistophilis, for he might be damning his future self.

For Milton it was pride, envy, littleness that

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MAX PLUNGED up the high dune, feeling the cool sand between his toes and the sharp clean sting of dune-grass against his bare legs. On top, he stood bent against the wind. It had been too dark to see anything last night, and besides they had made him go right to bed. He looked first at the ocean, gray in the early light, and then at the creek behind the house. The wide creek blended into the yellow-green marsh, separating the island from the mainland.

Max turned and slid down the side of the dune. He had better get started. Jethro would be up at the inlet now, fishing, and soon, when the tide turned, the water would come flowing through the inlet into the creek. It would eddy slowly and silently all along the back of the island, raising the level of the whole marsh.

Max walked along the edge of the water, kicking loose the big masses of foam left on the sand by the waves. He watched the pieces skim down the beach before the wind. In their tiny bubbles he thought there must be every color in the world. As he walked, he thought of how surprised Jethro would be to see him back again, and now they would meet sometimes up at the inlet before sunrise just as they had last summer.

Max heard the cry of a sea gull cut sharply through the roar of the surf. Looking up, he watched the bird wheel and soar against the pale sky; then he spread his arms and began to run, faster and faster across the sand, bending his head way back until there was nothing but wind and sky and he was a giant gull.

Still running, Max cut up across the beach and over dunes, not stopping until he reached the edge of the creek. There he stood without moving for a while, for he hated to disturb the stillness of the place. He heard the ocean only as the sound of low distant voices, and the dark waters of the creek seemed barely to move. Suddenly he caught his breath. From the yellow-green marsh, up from the reeds, rose a giant white bird. Max had never seen a bird quite so big or so white.

He walked on along the edge of the creek, more slowly now, still feeling inside him the sight of the bird rising from the reeds of the marsh. Soon the dunes began to level off, and he was in sight of the inlet. Jethro was there fishing just as Max had known he would be, faded blue overalls rolled up to the knees of his black legs. Max ran towards him, and Jethro turned, his smile flashed gold and white as he stepped out of the water.

"Mistuh Max! Now is I glad to see you."

"Hi, Jethro. We just got here last night. Caught any fish yet?"

nancy depass—

Jethro

"Well, feeshin' not so good today, mistuh Max." Jethro smiled down at Max. "Some as would say it not right time o' the moon. Me, I don't hold by that. The reason I ain't cotched no feesh is because I forgot my black cat bone today."

Max nodded. He understood about black cat bones. Jethro had explained it all to him last year.

After a while Jethro went back to his fishing and Max sat down on the bank to watch as he always liked to do. It was fun to sit there watching Jethro and the swift, clear water of the inlet and thinking about the island. This was the time of day he liked, while everyone back in the house was still asleep. Somehow that made it all belong to Jethro and him.

Stepping out of the inlet finally, Jethro sat down beside him and stretched out his long legs until his feet lay in the water. The tide was beginning to come in now, and they sat in silence for a while watching the current of the inlet slowly change. Jethro drew his feet up out of the water.

"Is I ever told you about turtles, Max?"

Max shook his head. He knew Jethro was going to tell him something wonderful and secret by the way his big toes curled into the sand and the way he stared over the water far out to where the ocean and the sky came together.

"Deep down in the sea, Max, there lives turtles like you most probably ain't never seen. Great big sea-turtles, big enough for a man to ride on." Jethro spoke slow in his deep voice that seemed to Max like all the sounds of the ocean rolled into one.

"Those turtles, they comes up and puts their heads out for a breath of air once in a while, but it ain't but one time when they comes up out of the water onto the beach."

Max drew his knees up to his chin and put his arms around his legs. "When's that, Jethro," he whispered.

"That's on moonlit nights in the summer, Max, when they comes up out of the ocean to lay their eggs in the sand. . . only on moonlit nights in the summertime."

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Everyone Is A Lonely One

This is economics class.
We study how to best use the earth's scarcity.
Buried somewhere in the confusion of it all is
the term: ELASTICITY OF DEMAND
the general idea is this: the more a product fits the
demands of the populace
 the more it conforms to taste,
 the more it can change,
 the more it responds to its environment,
 the more ELASTIC it is
the better it has a chance to
SURVIVE

What shakes the world?
What pricks the world to thought, to progress?
What lasts because it contributes?

It is the inflexible, the stubborn, the faithful, the
 narrow,
the demanding, the insistent;
thus, the more INELASTIC it is
the better it has a chance to
SURVIVE

Everybody writes a book.
To write a book is a great thing
And the people say so
And they are right the people are right,
REALLY
They are right while you think I am cynical
while really I know they are right.

To write a good book (and many many books ARE
 good)
Proves you have a soul or something,
Or much scholarship or sensitivity or wit.
Yet in ten years
Read the reviews of today's "immortal" books . . .

Immortality seems to have such a high mortality rate,
And so many many souls do not exist anymore
Except for and within themselves
No good that way.
It must scratch the diamond world to be a real soul.

Everyone is a lonely one;
Everyone tries so hard to live
And dies so dead in death.

Enter ego, eager,
Anxious before immortality passes.
There on the shelf (says anxious ego) are two books
(That really aren't books because they are hand-
written
And one-edition, one copy)
Two thin books, 200 pages . . .
Ego's petition of right-of-way to Immortality . . .
And so so so much is no good, no good
No no good at all a bit.
Most of is no broader than the mind of one
Little lost lamb-and-fool, me.

The soul searches for application, for unique ex-
pression;
It needs to justify itself.

The soul finds there is no uniqueness,
It finds there is no justification.
All interests then pour out as water from a cracked
pitcher
And pours down the table leg,
To the floor, through the floor,
Soaking the ceiling below.
The plaster ceiling cracks.
Disintegration.
The mind's ceiling cracks, hangs, collapses.
And when the dust settles
. . . And when the pie was opened,
the birds began to sing . . .
Disintegration.
Regression.
Regress,
Fall down, down, down
the well that is horizontal.
Stumble as you precisely march
backward.

—Lenniel Blades

canary red

by Ruth Rae

HENRIETTA liked to touch things, which made her grandmother angry. Even when she was told not to—which was most of the time—she liked to touch things. A shiny button, or the fur on her grandmother's coat collar, or her brother's face. It wouldn't be half so bad, her grandmother said, if her hands weren't always dirty, but they always were. She would be running down the road with her short dark curls bouncing around like little springs, and her glasses bobbing on the bridge of her nose. If she saw something, perhaps little shiny tar bubbles, she would stop and stoop over and stare at them for a long time through her glasses, which always slid down to rest on the turned-up part of her nose when she was stooping. She would touch one of the tar bubbles—hard—until it went "crack." Then she would touch all the other tar bubbles until they went "crack." That's what her grandmother didn't like because then she would go home and touch the shiny white keys of the new piano.

One September morning when the sun made everything look the color of tea roses, Hennrietta woke to the familiar sound of a trolley whining its way toward Cambridge. The trolleys going to Cainbridge always whined past Gloucester Street because it was down hill, and the metal wheels seemed not to turn but to slide down the silver ribbon-like tracks. The trolleys going the other way—toward Waverely—sounded different. They struggled, shooting small blue sparks from the trolley high in the air—higher than her father's head, or the reach of his arm.

Hennrietta turned on her stomach and the straw mattress crunched under her. She thought of the day and stretched out her arms so that her hands dangled over the edges of the bed. It would be an exciting day because her mother was coming home. She hadn't seen her mother since she was four—she was seven now—and all she could remember was the day she went away. There had been a lot of noise outside that day, and she remembered lights flashing and boys shouting, and a flag flying outside of the Angelo's house across the street. And her father had given her and her brother each a nickle and told them to go to their grandmother's house three blocks away because their mother was sick. They had each bought five pieces of bubble gum—the flat, pink kind with pictures of baseball players inside the wrapper—and she hadn't seen her mother since except in pictures. Now the Fourth of July always made her feel as if she wanted to sit in somebody's lap.

She turned over again and looked at the picture that hung beside her bed. It had been cut from a calendar. It was of two horses looking out of a box stall. One, a palomino, held his head up, looking and listening. The other was a roan, red, like her uncle's setter, but the setter was always dirty. The horse was clean, and soft-looking and warm, and he held his head down—toward her. She liked to pretend that the horses were real and she was sleeping outside their stall, and she always wanted to touch the roan and feel the softness of him, but when she did, it was smooth like the pictures of her mother, so she tried not to touch the horse's mane.





She sat up in the bed when she heard her grandfather leave for work. The flap on the mail slot clicked and rattled as he closed the door. She jumped off the bed and her feet felt very dry on the carpet, so she curled up her toes trying not to feel it. She opened the bedroom door and smelled the "Saturday smell"—molasses baked beans and raw dough. She went down the hall and opened the door to the kitchen. It was warm in the kitchen. Her grandmother, a small wiry woman, was scrubbing the brass piping over the three-tubbed sink. The flabby part of her upper arm flopped back and forth as she scrubbed the white-streaked metal to a shiny polish.

"When is Daddy bringing Mamma home?" Hennrietta asked.

"Not till supper time. You'll have to get your own breakfast, dear, I have a lot to do before they come. The cereal is on the stove."

Hennrietta wrinkled up her nose and looked at the oatmeal pot. The lid jumped steadily and little puffs of steam rose and faded. She took off the lid and squinted to watch the grayish bubbles swell and break. How could anything smell so good and taste so bad.

"Is it very far away?" She put the lid back on.

"Is what?"

"Mamma's hospital."

Her grandmother stopped scrubbing and turned around. "Yes, dear, it's three hundred miles away—in Vermont. Where are your glasses?"

"I forgot them."

"You're not supposed to forget 'em. Eat your breakfast and hurry on out."

She turned back to her polishing, and Hennrietta reached over and lifted the napkin off one of the bread pans on the back of the stove. The two round, white loaves of rising dough reminded her of a baby's tummy. She spanked them.

"Hennrietta! You leave that bread alone. Mercy sakes! Always pokin' your hands into everything in sight."

"I didn't touch it," which was what she always said when she touched anything.

"You know what the reverend Mr. MacKay said about fibbin' last Sunday."

"Yes Gran'ma. I'm sorry."

"Bein' sorry isn't going to help that bread raise. Take two of those scones for yourself. There's some honey in the ice box."

Hennrietta was glad she had forgotten about the oatmeal. She let the honey stream in a thin golden thread onto the scone. Then she wrote her initials on the scone and watched the letters spread out and cover it. She put the handle of the spoon in the honey jar. It looked as if it were covered by golden glass.

She wanted to ask her grandmother more about her mother, but when she did she would be told to look in the snapshot book—grown-ups were always too busy at the moment. Her grandfather would probably tell her, but he always got home so late, and then he had to sit down and read his scriptures and by the time he got through with them it was time for her to go to bed. The other day she had asked her grandmother if her mother looked like Marg Gannon's mother. She thought all mother's should look like Mrs. Gannon.

"Mercy no, child," her grandmother had said, "Your mother is young and thin."

"Is she pretty?"

"She's comely enough. Scat, now, I have to fix your grandfather's sox."

Everyone was "comely enough" as far as her grandmother was concerned. No one was ever pretty or ugly—even when they were pretty or ugly. They were always comely enough, except sometimes when the person wasn't there. Like when Mrs. Gordon Bruce Cary had told her last Sunday in church that she was almost a pret-

ty little thing if it weren't for her glasses, and Mrs. Gordon Bruce's mother had tsk tsked, and Hennrietta's grandmother had said, "Now don't you go putting ideas like that in her head. It's stuffed full of nonsense already. Her brother Malcom John is the pretty one."

Hennrietta knew her grandmother was right, but Gran'ma wouldn't let anyone to tell Malcom he was pretty when he was around. She'd always say, "Nonsense, he's plain to what John Sturgeon MacCloud was at his age." John Sturgeon MacCloud was her father, which she hadn't found out until about two years ago because they always called him Jack around the house, and she always thought Johnsturgeon MacCloud was somebody else, and that Johnsturgeon was an awful funny first name. It puzzled her why they always used double names around the church people.

"Will my mother kiss me?" she asked her grandmother.

"No, child. Your mother has been very sick, and you're to keep away from her. Understand that, now. We don't want you getting sick too. Now go outside and don't pester me. Don't forget your glasses, dear."

Hennrietta walked down Gloucester Street to the Maddock's house where her brother and father had been living since her mother went to the hospital. She didn't like the Maddocks. Mrs. Maddock would always say, "Well, here comes the little rag-a-muffin tomboy. It's a shame you don't have anyone to keep you clean and fed, little girl." And then she would pat her on the head and Mr. Maddock would ask her to sit on his lap. He didn't have a lap like her father's or her grandfather's. Mr. Maddock's lap was skinny, and once she sat down he wouldn't let her up again.

She liked the birds, though. They were yellow and fluffy, and she always wanted to touch them, but Mr. Maddock wouldn't let her. She want-

ed to run her fingers lightly over their feathers and blow on them, but Mr. Maddock said that would disturb them too much. Mr. Maddock had a hundred little yellow birds and they all had names.

Hennrietta went up the cement stairs to the front door and rang the bell. After a little while Mrs. Maddock's voice came through the speaker.

"Who is it?"

"Is my brother there?"

The buzzer rang and Hennrietta opened the door and went up the steps to the second floor. Mrs. Maddock met her at the top of the steps.

"Hello, little rag-a-muffin. Malcom went to the Big Bear Market with Bobby and his mother. They won't be back till lunch time."

Hennrietta wished she had come down earlier because she liked to go to the Big Bear even though she didn't like Bobby's mother. They had real stuffed bears there.

"My mother is coming home today," she said.

"Is she? I'll bet you're glad. You haven't seen her in a long time. Do you remember her?"

"Yes, I do," Hennrietta lied.

"Well," Mrs. Maddock laughed, "I'll bet she doesn't know who you are, you've grown so much in the past three years."

That would be awful, thought Hennrietta. What if her mother didn't know who she was. What if she asked, "Who are you, little tomboy? Doesn't anyone keep you clean?" Or what if she told her to get away and no one told her mother that she was Hennrietta?

"C'n I see the birds?" Hennrietta asked.

"Well—all right, but be quiet and don't touch them."

Hennrietta looked around as she went through the house to the attic stairs.

"Where's Mr. Maddock?"

"He went in town. Don't stay up there too long."

Henrietta went up the stairs. It was the first time she had ever been there alone. The birds were singing when she opened the door. They fluttered and stopped when they heard her, and then some of them started to sing again. They bobbed and jumped and some of them were swinging on little swings, and most of them were singing. She stood and watched them for a while, and then she went over to one of the cages and looked in. The bird was sitting very still on his perch with his head pulled down very close to his body. He didn't look very well, but his feathers were all fluffed up on his chest. Hennrietta wanted to touch him. She put her hand through the bars of the cage, but the bird moved away from her with a little chirp. She went around to the other side of the cage and tried again. This time she almost touched him when he pecked at her finger. It hurt and she jumped back and her glasses slid down her nose. She stood away from him, sucked her sore finger and looked at him. Her aunt's hair was almost the color of the canary's feathers sometimes. Gran'ma always said it was a sin the way her aunt kept her hair, but Hennrietta thought it was pretty. She hoped her mother's hair was that color.

"Hennrietta, you had better come down now."

She started down the stairs. "One of the birds is sick."

"Yes, that's Jimmy. We're afraid he's going to die."

Hennrietta was going to tell Mrs. Maddock that she thought someone should take care of the bird, but she had to get home. She had to tell her grandmother to let her mother know that she was Hennrietta.

That night Hennrietta and Malcom stayed up till nine o'clock waiting for their mother. Finally their father called and said they would be quite late because they had had a flat tire, so Hennrietta had to go

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Hector and Paris

No wasted love between those brothers there
Upon the battlements above the plain,
Where gods contend along with men and where
The Greek Achilles mourns Patroclus slain.

Nine years of war have scarred the older's head,
While Andromache's lot again must be
Blood-matted beard and dry sweat in her bed.
Premonition, then, and jealousy
Despise the cause, are father to the frown
That glimpses smiling Paris, for whose lust
The bloodhound son of Thetis stalks his kill.

Do they foresee which first will be struck down
And dragged around the city through the dust,
And who will wound Achilles in the heel?

—John H. Carter

Summer

Green as a piece of shattered sea glass
The broken song of a thousand days returns.
Out of the pits of winter
Rises the tide of summer's promises,
New and warm in the green reflected mornings.

This is the time for losing a chance,
For trying to win,
For slumber on the grey sand
Of a noisy beach.
Out of the world of real
Into the paradise of noise
And wax-paper sand
And steaming, pushing people
Lost in the heated vacuum of tiny minds,
Happy to sleep in an afternoon's
Prickly heated soil.

The heat rolls in to meet us
Like a fat commuter:
Sweating its way
Into the noisy tunnels of our lives.

—William Neale

A HOME IN T



THE COUNTRY

by Elinor Divine

He had told Della and the children he was taking them to the best place on earth for bicycling and kite-flying and picnicking, but so far he hadn't said a word about living there. He was, to tell the truth, afraid they wouldn't want to. Suppose Della shrugged. After all she had just redone the living room and planted geraniums by the porch. And the children, who liked to play in the street at dusk; suppose they looked out the car window onto the countryside and then glanced back at each other, puzzled; not knowing the land, thinking it bleak and brown and not as he knew it to be and as it looked to him now—like ancient carpets thrown over the hills, faded and fringed and musty in the fall of the year.

"William, I thought you said it was going to be a pretty day."

He looked at his wife and found that she was pouting. "Oh, I know it isn't pretty now," he said in haste. "But don't you think it might clear up? Over there, I mean. See, a little break in the clouds."

Della pressed her forehead against the windshield, then nodded. "It's just that I'm afraid the children might catch cold," she said.

William smiled a little, watching her roll up the window. She was still thin and still pretty, only there were lines around her neck now and crinkles near her eyes. Poor Della. She and the children probably thought the picnic was one of Daddy's idle whims and were only humoring him. They never knew how long he planned these things. Even now he was thinking of ways to tell them about his careful yearning to live here again, spinning secret dialogues in which he spoke all the parts. Every fall since they had come back to Tennessee he thought of this place, and every fall he meant to go; but only today had he somehow been able to do it. Maybe it was because the weather was the way he used to like it, with everything looking sort of amber and the wind combing the fields and the low clouds riding silently over the land. But it was not at all a day for picnicking and bicycling, he knew. He began to beg the sun to come out in spite of himself. He so wanted them to like this place—Della, and his son Frank, and little May, with her

dark round head and big eyes. He wanted them to recognize the park, to remember it; the abandoned military post and the crumbling walls, these old hills where he had once been young. But they had never been here before and he could not tell them those things. He could only wish a little.

"Are we very far away now, Daddy?"

"No, we're getting very close."

"Couldn't we go a little faster, Daddy?"

"Daddy has to be careful the bikes don't fall out of the trunk," Della said, sliding near him, "but maybe over thirty, don't you think?"

Reluctantly he speeded up. They were rounding the bend now. As they passed the statue of the Young Confederate no one said a word. He saw that it was now all green from the weather, the statue that had been glossy and brown when he was a boy, about twelve, Frank's age. He remembered standing in the high grass beneath it one day when the quail were calling, the day he had walked the fields thinking of his father, that quiet man with the deep eyes whom he had not known very well, his father who had just died. The statue was only a boy too and alone as William was then, a boy alone on this land with a small white farmhouse and his mother to look after. He had not been unhappy, but rather happy in a kind of sadness. He knew then he had never been sorry to leave the big house on the avenue where they had lived before the Trouble, where the furniture was dark and taller than he was and the lights weren't on downstairs at dusk. He remembered nights when no dinner was ready at dinnertime and the light came in slices from his parents' room above, where they closed doors and said things he could not hear. He used to crouch on the carpeted stairs and hug the newel post in the dark. Once his mother's voice came suddenly strong and angry through the privacy of the walls. *It's just no use Frank*, and something about the company that failed, and why didn't he do something about it instead of moping around the house and writing things. *"What do you think we'll use for money?* It was the first time he had heard her cry.

Later his father came downstairs. He touched Wil-

lian's head as he passed and went into the dining room. William couldn't see him, but he heard the buffet cabinet creak and shift. He remembered the delicate clink and thought of the late sun glinting in a crystal glass and thought of his father's eyes. He remembered wondering what his father had done to make his mother cry. He had been indignant and vowed on the stairs to take care of her. Now he didn't recall . . . He only knew he thought of his father as a sad man whose eyes were far away, and there was something in the clear, sad call of the quail that made him remember.

"William, I think we're going almost too fast now. Isn't it just around the next bend?" They were nearing the stone gates to the park—the ones he used to climb on. He found himself hoping that when they saw them, saw too the rugged iron cannon and the weather-stained monuments they would somehow magically smile and become interested and understand. He slowed the car.

"When are we going to eat?" said one of the children.

"I thought we'd walk around some first," he ventured, looking all about him.

Della shifted in the front seat. "Honest, William, we'd better go ahead and have the picnic before it starts getting late. I don't want the children to catch pneumonia."

"Just a suggestion," he said, trying to hide his disappointment. "We'll eat first then."

He drove on through the gates, thinking now of where to take them to spread the picnic. He remembered a creek he used to know down by the fence on the old Lupton property, Black Lick Creek. It flowed quietly behind a nest of willows in a silent glen—you rattled across the wooden bridge and found the spot hidden by a row of gnarled hickory trees. He had taken the wagon there often, and now he remembered the time he had first discovered it, the afternoon he had run from the house and crashed through the bushes, crying, with the hot tears and scratches stinging his face. He still remembered how hard it was to stop crying. For a moment he had stood in the sudden quiet of the circle, swallowing hard at the knot in his throat. And then he thought again of what he had just seen, his mother and the Colonel from the military post, his mother with her arms around him and her mouth on his mouth in that smothery, pressing way—and the lump had tightened in his throat and the tears had come again. Trembling, he had brushed through the shedding willows and knelt at the stream to cool his face in the water, and after a while he lay in the leaves and watched a squirrel in a hickory-nut tree.

The leaves were warm and wet underneath, he remembered.

"Is this the place?"

William swallowed and quickly nodded. They drove across the bridge and nosed the car into the bushes.

"Are you sure this is the place you were thinking of?" echoed Della. "It doesn't look very cheerful. It's just a pile of bushes."

"There's a clearing," he said.

"Oh."

They got out and went down the path, and as they came to the glen William saw the circle was smaller than he had thought it was, and the grass had grown up in tufts. He looked through the willows and saw the black stream choked with leaves.

"It isn't too good, is it?" he said, sensing their disappointment. "Maybe this is not the place after all."

"Oh, never mind," said Della. "There's no other place to go. Don't go near the creek, children. You haven't had your typhoid shots."

She began to get out the things quickly, as though she thought it was about to rain. He stood by, watching her, hardly able to look around him. Later they ate sitting on pieces of the Sunday paper while Frank read the funnies and May pursued an ant across the grass with her finger. He had thought they would be swinging on the wild grape vines or watching the squirrels pounce from limb to limb. He ached. He ached inside at being here in the old places and not having anyone know what they meant, and at not even feeling much of a sense of return himself; with everyone instead reading the funny papers and tearing at fried chicken.

"William, I guess the children ought to ride their bikes now and then we'll go home. I don't like the weather."

"I was going to say that." He rose, thinking of one final attempt. "Let's walk to the other side of the hill while they ride. It's where we used to live, you know."

"Oh, well," she agreed. "I suppose the children will be all right on the road. Goodness knows no other car will be driving through here."

Her tone sent a dull pang through him and he felt his last hopes sag. He only left room for some sort of magic now. They walked across the bridge and started across the field. Maybe, he thought, maybe when she saw the hillside where the farmhouse had stood—if she would only stop beside him then in the tall grass and look up, and see dark wings across the thin sky, and feel with him a thrill as the voices of the birds shattered into the valley. He wished for and recalled the breathless hustle of their feathers, and he remem-

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THE BRICKS were uncomfortably warm for Bennie's feet, for the sun had been beating down since early that morning on the driveway to the big house. Though the trees in the yard almost completely shaded the front lawn, the walk was still so hot that Bennie had to skip quickly.

Rotter, walking slowly behind the boy, didn't seem to mind the hot bricks or else didn't feel them, for he came up the gradual incline of the drive in a deliberate manner—his head low and one foot following another in an unhurried, unbroken pattern.

Bennie turned from time to time to see how the old dog was making it.

"Come on there, Rotter. We got to play with Charlie today . . . 'scuse me, Mr. Charlie," he corrected himself. "You stay away from him, Rotter," he added in a low, serious voice.

He looked down affectionately at the dog.

"Come on, Rotter. Jus' one more mile." Bennie chuckled at him softly so that the dog wouldn't hear him laughing.

—avis ann oehlbeck

Bennie said nothing. Lena looked searchingly at him for a long time and then spoke impulsively in her soft, sympathetic tone.

"I'll go get him, Bennie. Get yourself a cake from the box." She slid off her stool and hobbled stiffly out of the kitchen.

A few minutes later while Bennie was still standing half-way between the door and the counters, he heard Charlie and Lena coming back down the stairs—Charlie's high voice railing at Lena with only an occasional muffled answer from her. Charlie came striding into the kitchen ahead of the cook. His small arm swung the door wide so that it slammed against the wall.

"Hey, Bennie! Wish you'd a come sooner. I got locked in my room!"

The thought of it did not seem too unpleasant, for he laughed as he spoke. Then his face tightened, and he turned to Lena behind him.

FIVE MILE DOG

Rotter followed Bennie quietly around to the back of the house, but he waited away from the porch while Bennie went in the kitchen. He settled down on the grass under a camelia bush and stretched out wheezingly on the cool, darker green of the shade.

Lena was sitting at one of the counters with her back to the door when Bennie opened the screen with only a tiny creak of the hinge and a soft, dusty whisper as his bare feet brushed the linoleum floor. She sat singing softly to herself as she polished a tall, silver bowl, unaware that the boy had let himself in and was standing behind her.

"Aunt Lena," and then he stopped, not knowing quite what to say.

"Bennie! What you comin' in so quiet for?" She half-turned on her stool to see him.

"Where's Charlie, Aunt Lena?"

"He's up in his room. He thrown a block at little Peggy, and Mis' Margaret done put him in his room till you come." She dropped her voice confidingly. "He's mighty mean today."

"Jus' because this nigger here had to tell on me!" He gave her a scathing glance and then turned to Bennie.

Bennie's head was bent, and he was making rustling semi-circles with his foot on the kitchen floor.

"What we gonna do today, Bennie?"

"I donno. It's too hot to play ball."

"Well, think of something else to do."

The two of them walked out on the porch into the bright sunlight.

"Whose dog is that lying there?" Charlie asked.

Bennie chuckled as he looked at his dog still lying under the camelia bush.

"That's my dog, Mister Charlie. My dad says that's only a five mile dog and that he ain't no count. But that old dog's got it!"

"What do you mean, 'five mile'?"

"My dad says that dog there just can make it to the river and back, and that's five mile. When he gets there he acts like he just made it, and then he has to lay down all the while we're there. Then he just can

make it back to the house, and that's five mile."

Bennie laughed again as he saw the dog snuggle closer to the damp earth.

"Where do you go when you go fishing, Bennie?" Charlie asked.

"Down on the river just before you get to the bridge."

"Let's go there today, Bennie. We can go fishing!"

"We can't go there today. Why, that's clear across town and then it's five mile from my house."

"That don't make any difference, Bennie. What's the matter, you scared? Nobody'll see where we go."

"Okay then," Bennie noncommittally agreed.

"Then let's go! Come on, dog!" Charlie jumped off the porch almost on top of the dog. Rotter half-rolled away from into the camelia bush while Charlie laughed at the boy's discomfiture.

"Get out of there!" Charlie shouted.

Bennie ignored the scene until the dog was on his feet. The three of them started down the drive, but Bennie soon dropped back to put himself between Charlie and the dog.

Bennie's feet lightly touched the pavement. His downcast head made a small, round shadow which proceeded his toes by a few inches as he walked. The three of them walked in silent cadence to the insistant beat of the cicades which played back and forth across their heads.

When they turned out on the sidewalk next to the highway, Rotter dropped back behind them. Charlie turned to look at each car as it passed, but Bennie and Rotter walked on with their eyes watching the bleached cement under their feet.

"Look, he's stopped, Bennie." The two boys turned back to look at Rotter half-lying several feet behind them. He was breathing heavily, and his dark tongue quivered outside his mouth as he gasped. Charlie started crossly toward the dog.

"Dam' dog. We'll never get there if we have to stop for him all the time. Come on there, dog!" He graps-

ed a handful of hair on the Rotter's neck and pulled him a few steps.

Bennie involuntarily stepped toward the pair, but Charlie released the dog and walked back to Bennie.

"Dam' stupid dog you got there." He strode by Bennie with his eyes staring ahead down the deserted street.

Bennie turned back without saying anything, and the little group resumed its journey. Gradually the trees thinned out, and the houses became closer and closer together. Turning off the sidewalk, Bennie stepped in the few inches of soil between the cement and the highway. Charlie still led the group, saying nothing to his companions as he scanned the houses and the passing cars.

Once again he wheeled back to look at the dog. Rotter was almost a half block behind them. He lay on the earth next to the highway with the side of his head pressed against the dirt. His whole body heaved as he tried to breathe.

Charlie raced back to Rotter and grabbed him at the back of the neck, kicking at the dog's side.

"You dam' dog! Get up! Get up! You dam' dog!" His screams covered the dog's cries of pain as he struck at him.

Suddenly Bennie bolted toward the pair. His mouth was wide and contorted in a kind of physical pain, but the only sound that came from him was a kind of slap, slap of his bare feet on the sidewalk. Seeing Bennie, Charlie dropped his hold on the dog, and Rotter loped blindly across the street and, still wimperring softly, disappeared behind one of the houses.

Bennie reached Charlie and passed him as he ran towards a telephone pole at the edge of the street. He flung his arms around the pole and pressed his face against the brown wood. He clung so tightly that his body remained motionless, except for the few shiny tears running down his silent face.

"Dam' stupid dog," said Charlie as he turned towards town.

There are many who come,
There are many who go,
But those who stay
Will never know
The truth of those who come and go.

—Rutledge Parker

Canary Red

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many questions. After breakfast Hennrietta tried to ask her grandmother questions about her mother, but her grandmother told her to get out of the way and told her she would have to go to church with her down and sleep in her father's bed at the Maddocks. The next day they got up very early and left before the Maddocks got up. They got to their grandmother's house too early, so they had to sit on the steps until their grandmother came out for the paper. She was mad that they had come so early.

Gran'ma said that their mother was still asleep and that she needed all the rest she could get, and their father was asleep on the dining room couch so they had to be very quiet. Her brother read the funny papers to her until breakfast was ready, and he got mad because she asked him so many questions. After breakfast Hennrietta tried to ask her grand-

mother questions about her mother, but her grandmother told her to get of the way and told her she would have to go to church with her grandfather and not see her mother until that afternoon if she didn't stop pestering. Hennrietta went and emptied the umbrella stand in the hall and found three pennies in it. Her grandfather always put pennies in it for her.

As she was putting the umbrellas back, she heard a soft cough and someone called her grandmother from her room. Her grandmother went in and closed the door. Hennrietta waited. In a little while Gran'ma came out and told Hennrietta and Malcom to come in quietly. They went in and Hennrietta held tightly to Malcom's hand.

"Hello, Malcom. Hello Hennrietta." Their mother was lying back on the bed smiling at them. She knew who they were.

Malcom said, "Hullo," but Hennrietta stared at her mother. She was very white and the sheets were very white. She was pretty, and her hair

—her hair was prettier than the canary's feathers, prettier than the roan that looked down at her. Her hair was a deep, deep red as it lay on the pillow. Hennrietta let go of Malcom's hand and started toward her mother. Her grandmother stopped her.

"Hennrietta, I told you not to get too near your mother."

"But I want to touch her hair—it's prettier than the canary." Hennrietta was still looking at her mother. Her mother smiled and looked as if she knew something about Hennrietta that no one else knew.

"Some day you'll be able to touch it, Baby. Some day I'll be able to touch yours, too." And Hennrietta knew her mother wanted to very badly.

Her grandmother patted her on the arm.

"Now you two go outside and play. You'll see your mother later. And for heaven's sake, Hennrietta, keep your clothes and your hands and face clean."

And Hennrietta did.

I must seek to be clean in simple
things
Whose lives cry out their loves,
I must seek to wash in light
Of clearer springs,
Quiet as doves,
Knowing as night.

COGNIZANCE

DEATH

Our hearts have cried out to torn
breasts
Whose seed is swept beyond the
scorched plain
Of wrong desire upon macabre
wind,
Born of unrest,
In paradox amain
Of birth to death descend.

BIRTH

From yet another land our tree
Has heard the waters and has re-
joiced
In contradiction of unknown fruit
Our spirits as a voice
Whose life shall free
Of lonely river bells.

—Fred Pennington

A Shell for Poetry

continued from page 6

the last of these, the Northern lights. Hopkins best expresses the totality of its meaning:

This busy working of nature—wholly independent of the earth and seeming to go on a strain of time not reckoned by our reckoning of days and years, but simpler and as if correcting the preoccupation of the world by being preoccupied with and appealing to and dated to the day of judgment—was like a new witness to God and filled me with delightful fear.⁸

How was Hopkins to capture in words this “witness to God”—this instress? Since the ordinary diction of poetry was not enough, he set about finding a new diction. Yet his interest in words was perhaps not always exclusively with an eye to presenting an idea in poetry. He had an acute case of word fascination. He was intrigued by their sound, as well as by their meaning, connotation, denotation, and etymology. “I have found my music in a common word,” he confesses in some of the unnamed lines included in his early diary. His knowledge of and interest in classical and modern languages gave him an insight into the origin and interrelation of words. Entries in the diary written while he was in school include long dissertations on a single word—the word “horn”, for instance. Then he strings together lists of words like “crook, crank, kranke, crink, crank,” purely for the pleasure of their crisp sound.

Later, in his journal, his interest turned to pronunciation and dialect, he begins to record the ways, speech peculiarities of his Jesuit brothers from different parts of the country. This attention to voice inflection recalls his definitions of “sprung rhythm” and the accompanying system of markings he invented for the reading of his poetry. He knew from careful listening the importance even of a syllable and of its several pronunciations. Accordingly he wanted to indicate what inflection was intended. For he explains in “Poetic Diction” in poetry “structure forces us to appreciate each syllable.”

In still another paper Hopkins outlines some of his theories about words which he carries out later, first in his descriptions for raw material and then in his poetry. He names three “terms” of words: “prepossession of feeling (connotation), definition, and extension images (things).” Speaking of the poet, he says, “with a disengaged and unconditional prepossession in these minds is often found an intellectual attraction for very sharp and pure dialectic. . . hard and telling art forms.”⁹ This explanation may be confusing, but it is not hard to see that Hopkins’ diction

is certainly “hard and telling”—Take for instance, the sun “in a pash of soap-sud-colored gummy binbeams.” To this sort of compressed, concentrated talk he turns increasingly during the course of his notebooks.

To transmit the impression and instress he feels, Hopkins does not hesitate to use words out of usual context and to mix the senses. “Above, the Breithorn Antares sparkled like a bright crabapple *tingling* in the wind,” he remarks; and “the thunder (was) rolling in great *floors* of sound.” Again, he speaks of “sour yellow light,” “the *orange* peeling (sic?) of the Minton bells,” and “thundercolor.” This trick is in keeping with his desire to integrate things; also his powerful reception of instress could not be confined to the usual order of the senses.

If anyone ever heard the music of the spheres, surely it was Hopkins. He listened and looked, and he put down the raw results: things and words. Then with this hoard of inscapes and pieces of concentrated diction he made a shell—a shell for poetry—into which he could pour in all its intensity his store of instress, be it in estacy or in agony, sucked from the nature and the God with which he wished so ardently to be “at one.”

¹ *The Notebooks and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, p. 134.

² About a rough drawing: “This skeleton inscape of a spray-end of ash. . .”, p. 134.

³ p. 136.

⁴ p. 96.

⁵ “The way men judge in particular is determined for each by his own inscape.” p. 98.

⁶ p. 129.

⁷ p. 153.

⁸ p. 135. (My punctuation)

⁹ See pp. 96-96.

A Home in the Country

continued from page 20

bered the last time he had seen them fly south over the rusty fields, when he had run into the house to show his mother before they darted over the ridge. She had been in her bedroom before the large Victorian bureau, the last of her furniture, brushing her hair, that thick red hair of hers. He remembered how her face had shone when she told him the news—that they were going to live in town again, that they wouldn’t have to sell eggs any more, and he wouldn’t have to feed the chickens. She had told him, sweeping her hair into a fat bun. The Colonel, and town again, and *you can go to boarding school and I’ll wear some decent clothes again*. A house of her own, and furniture. When he had thought of that—of town and

the big, black furniture again he had begun to cry. He had gone into the parlor so that she would not see him. He didn't want to go to boarding school and for the Colonel to live with them. He wanted to keep on living in the farmhouse and feeding the chickens, climbing on the stone gateway, and lying by the creek and hearing the grasses whistle. Those things had come to be important. Now they were going to be over. He remembered how he had stood by the fireplace and watched the flames toss like his mother's red hair. And the tears and the redness of the fire had burned his cheeks.

"Did you say the house was over here?" Della was asking. He turned to her and nodded gently.

"Yes, over there," he said.

"It must have been awfully lonely for your mother out here." They had gone over the crest of the hill and the children were out of sight. She stopped and locked her hands behind his neck. "Your poor mother," she said impulsively. "William, just think how lucky we are. We have everything, don't we?"

He put his arm around her hopelessly. She went on. "Maybe you do spoil me, William, but I'm so glad. Just by being you. We have a happy, wonderful, full life living where we are, the way we do."

She rustled against him and finally slid away. "Well. Now show me where you used to live."

He pointed. There was nothing left of the house but a lonely chimney crumbling in the grass. "It burned down a while after we moved away," he explained.

He would not tell her now, that where the chimney stood he had wanted to build a house. He would not tell her what he had been planning over and over again to say—that he wanted a home here, that he wanted to gather memories in from the grasses of the battlefields where they strayed like the Civil War legends he had loved. Even before himself the idea began to droop; for when he saw the old places, heard the old sounds, and smelled the old smells, they weren't the same, because the ones he loved couldn't see them and understand. He saw now that his memories had departed, and now they were no more than old and pale engravings or the images of last night's dream. All that truly remained was the crumbling chimney where he had once cried.

"Really, William," his wife said, taking his hand as she looked over the hills. "Wasn't this a rather terrible place to grow up? I mean it all seems so bleak."

They began walking back.

"Yes, I suppose it was," he said—astonished to find that he was able to smile.

Jethro

continued from page 11

Max closed his eyes, seeing the night and the moon on the water and the big turtles coming up onto the shore. And he was there too, walking down the beach with the hard sand cool and wet beneath his bare feet, seeing the foam along the water's edge flash white in the moonlight as the turtles came up through it and sent the pieces shimmering away before the wind. They would come up silently, slowly, out of the dark water, to lay their eggs in the whiteness of the sand. . .

Jethro was standing now, and Max realized suddenly that the sun was up. It was time to go.

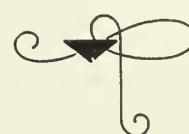
As he watched Jethro disappear down the road along the creek, Max waved and then looked out over the marsh, hoping for one more glimpse of the big bird. In a few minutes he caught sight of it, standing amid the rushes in a shallow part of the marsh. It beat suddenly into the air on its great white wings.

Portraits in Evil

continued from page 9

"Brought death into the world and all our woe." He could not pity evil. It was so ludicrous, so obviously founded in lies. For him the line between right and wrong was perfectly clear, and he separated the sheep from the goats with an assurance which barely escapes ruthlessness. Milton hated evil because it destroyed beauty, and he fought it always in his life and in his work.

And so we may choose: to weep for evil with Marlowe, to shudder at its implications; or to hate it with Milton, to laugh it into the dust where, a miserable snake, it belongs. Perhaps, on the other hand, the choice is not so clear. Perhaps we must do both—hate wrong while grieving its effects. This much is clear: Milton and Marlowe both implore us to avoid evil or be forever lost in that wasteland of sterile heart and ugly mind and little soul.



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News from . . .



TWA ANNOUNCES TRAVEL-STUDY TOURS FOR THIS SUMMER

More than 25 combination travel and study tours for students and teachers have been announced for this summer by Dr. John H. Furbay, manager of Air World Education of Trans World Airlines.

The tours have been organized in cooperation with leading education travel agencies. Prices in most cases have been predicated on TWA's Sky Tourist fares in order to keep the all-expense cost to a minimum. In a number of tours, college credits may be earned.

According to Dr. Furbay the tours have been carefully planned to offer the greatest possible enjoyment, knowledge and vacation value. Last summer, Dr. Furbay pointed out, a total of 918 persons took 22 TWA organized study tours and another 600 students and abroad.

The tours cover nearly every free nation in Europe and some include the Middle East. All tours have the services of a qualified conductor. Certain tours also include a choice of four-week seminars at leading European universities.

One of the seminar tours, for instance, of six weeks for the inclusive price of \$1189, visits France, England and Switzerland, and includes a four-week seminar in International Education in connection with the International Education Conference in Geneva. It is specifically designed for teachers who desire to study international affairs in Europe.

Another tour, of 31 days for the inclusive price of \$1120, is designed for elementary school principals. During their visits to France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Scotland and England they will meet and review mutual problems with local school principals in these countries.

One tour, sponsored by Lafayette College in co-operation with TWA, will circle the globe, leaving San Francisco the first week of July, returning from Paris six to eight weeks later. Inclusive price of this tour is approximately \$2,095.

This summer again the Winona Lake School of Theology is sponsoring a "flying seminar" tour of Bible lands in five weeks and including European cities, with ten hours of credit earned en route for qualified students. Inclusive price is \$1,550.

In addition, special services listed in the Travel and Study Tour Digest pamphlet issued by TWA and travel agencies include summer school courses at the Sorbonne, courses in fashion designing, in French cuisine, and in interior decoration, at inclusive prices of \$747 each, and courses in Spanish and Portuguese universities.

Full details of all tours may be obtained from any travel agent or any TWA office in more than 60 United States cities.

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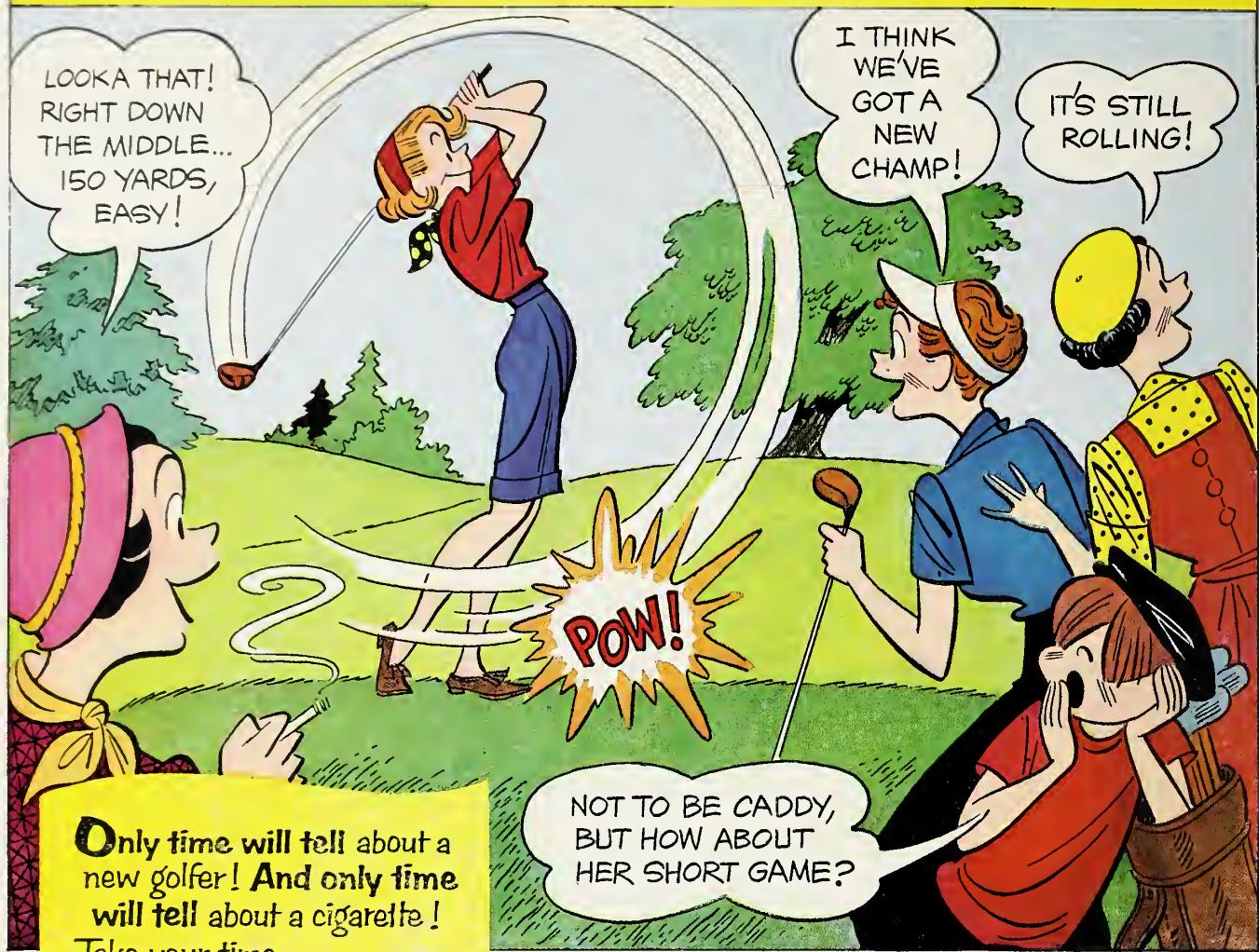
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